FEBRUARY 27, 1956

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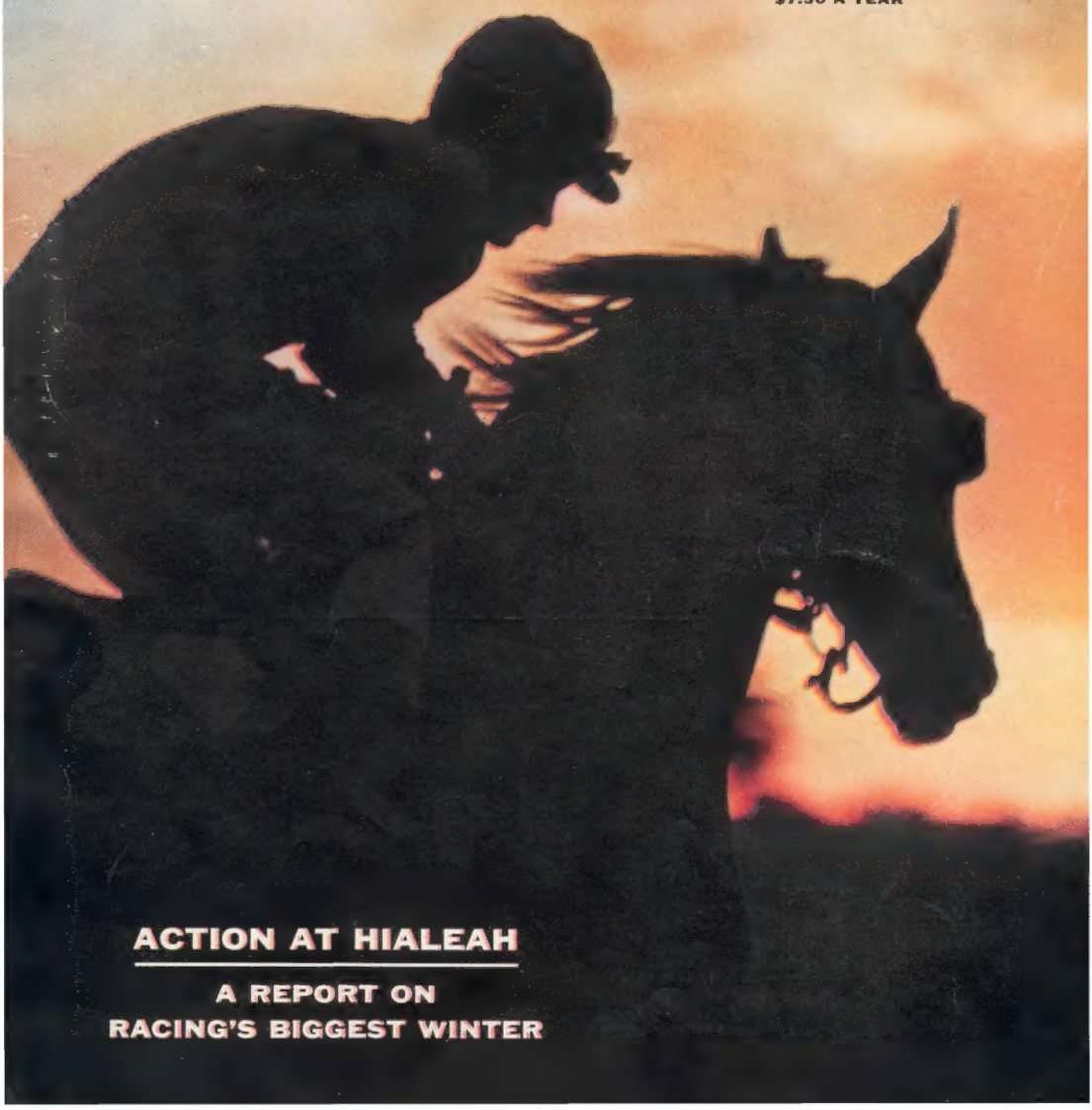

ACTION AT HIALEAH

A REPORT ON
RACING'S BIGGEST WINTER

AQUA-LUNG — COURTESY OF ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

The gentleman with the Parliament lure will have quite a tale to tell when he gets home. For now he knows that even mermaids know there's something special about Parliaments.

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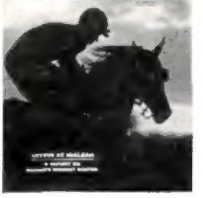
FEBRUARY 27, 1956
Volume 4, Number 9



COVER: ACTION AT HIALEAH
Photograph by Richard Meek

With racing's best winter season in six years nearing its close, the headlines still belong to last year's stars—Swaps and Nashua *(see pages 42–45)*. Yet it is the ordinary plater that keeps such handsome temples as Hialeah and Santa Anita crammed each day. One such is Activate, Ogden Phipps's 5-year-old bay shown on this week's cover as he warms up for a race at Hialeah. Only an hour before Nashua's great victory in the Widener Handicap, Activate had his first win of the year in a $4,500 claiming race.

Acknowledgments on page 59

An SI Special

20 **THE BIG BUSINESS OF BASEBALL**

Baseball has been described variously as a sport, a business and a mixture of both. In the first of two parts, ROBERT COUGHLAN *analyzes the financial structure of the game from peanuts and hot dogs to millions in television revenue, from the poorest to the richest in the pastime. Plus a* JOE KAUFMAN *gallery portrait of baseball's wealthy brass*

15 **SPECTACLE: TIGER HUNT IN THE GRAND MANNER**
All the pomp and ceremony, complete down to the last of 30 elephants supplied by the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, are captured in four pages IN COLOR *by the late great* YLLA *on an Indian shikar expedition*

19 **TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT**
"Like a lick of flame" is Hollywood Sportsman-Director JOHN HUSTON'S *phrase for his first sight of the massive and dangerous Bengal tiger deep in the jungles of Assam after a four-day stalk on elephant back*

30 **THE SCANDAL ON THE BEAVERKILL**
This classic American trout stream, famous the world over as the shrine of dry-fly angling, is now befouled by garbage dumps. SPARSE GREY HACKLE, *after a recent trip to its all-too-rapidly changing banks, sounds a call to arms*

34 **A TOY POODLE WINS AT WESTMINSTER**
Wilber White Swan was one of the smallest dogs in the show, but when it came to honors this perky white poodle marched straight past his competition to become the first of his group ever to win the kennel set's top prize. Reported by ALICE HIGGINS, *with photographs by* MARK KAUFFMAN *and a* SPORTING LOOK *at some doggy dressers*

42 **NASHUA AND SWAPS RETURN TO THE WARS**
The two great duelists of 1955 came back to the track last week after long layoffs—and ran dazzling races. WHITNEY TOWER *reports Nashua's triumph in the Widener at Hialeah, which made Nashua a millionaire.* JAMES MURRAY *reports Swaps's comeback on the Coast*

46 **OLD GOLDENSIDES**
Some might doubt that Aristoteles Socrates Onassis is the richest man in the world, but there are absolutely none who will dispute that the Christina, *his private yacht, is the most lavishly fitted vessel of her size that ever sailed the seven seas.* DMITRI KESSEL'S *photographs* IN COLOR *show the interior of the converted destroyer escort that serves as home for this modern Midas and his family*

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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64 PAT ON THE BACK

6 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Would subscription television hurt or help sports?

38 **Golf:** HERBERT WARREN WIND, paying a call on the women pros, chats with the three best and is impressed with the soundness of the ladies' short game

41 **Tip from the Top:** BYRON NELSON notes three common faults the average golfer is subject to in his backswing

51 **Ski Tip:** Home from the Olympics, FRIEDL PFEIFER tells how to set a simple slalom course for use as a training run

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BASEBALL: A SPECIAL SPRING TRAINING PACKAGE

Four pages in color and a report by Gerald Holland on the St. Louis Cardinals at St. Petersburg. Plus Part II of Robert Coughlan's searching inquiry into big-league finances

HORSE RACING: SANTA ANITA MEASURING STICK

Social Outcast, after losing by a head to Nashua, is now prepared to challenge Swaps in the $100,000 handicap. James Murray reports on a race that may settle the Swaps-Nashua debate

PLUS: A REPORT ON NASCAR AND AMERICAN DREAM CARS OF THE FUTURE

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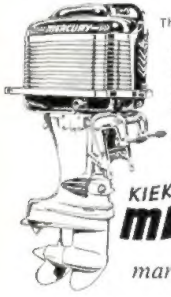

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

FIVE YEARS AGO a congressional committee brushed aside baseball's horsehide curtain for a look at the business heartland which lies behind it. The committee recommended no new legislation and two years later a Supreme Court decision left professional baseball still unengaged in interstate commerce and free to follow its special financial way.

The way, somehow, has remained obscure to the naked eye. But in this issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Robert Coughlan writes the first of a two-part analysis of the curtained world in which baseball tots up its accounts. The story, requiring months of interviews, research and cross-checking by SI's reporters and correspondents, was hard to come by because, as Coughlan notes, businesswise baseball "is curiously mute" and "becomes at the end of the season a private bookkeeping matter."

The game arouses the kind of affection which gives its followers at some point in their lives a hankering to own a major league club—much as everyone has once daydreamed of being proprietor of such a supremely luxurious yacht as the *Christina*, on pages 46–50. Coughlan's story, I think, simplifies the fact that for most of us, one eventuality is hardly more likely than the other.

Still, the aspirations will undoubtedly continue as strong as ever. Coughlan's revelations of the kind of money needed to acquire a franchise and build a club, together with his description of baseball's techniques for staying in business, will from now on firmly ground at least my own baseball dreams in reality, while not at all diminishing the fun of having them.

The baseball analysis is Robert Coughlan's fifth appearance in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. His first was *The Unknown Story of Jack Dempsey* (Jan. 10, '55), followed by *How the IBC Runs Boxing*, which appeared in three parts. Later he wrote (April 4, '55) about billiards' Willie Mosconi, a game Coughlan himself enjoys with less facility but no less devotion than Mosconi.

In addition to an eminent career as author of books and magazine articles (he has been for the past seven years a staff writer for LIFE), Coughlan brings to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and baseball a thorough knowledge of the involved realms of finance—nowhere more involved than in baseball —which he acquired during six years as an associate editor of FORTUNE.

Harry Phillips

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SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .

Buddy Werner, U.S. Olympic skier (SI cover, March 14), led Americanmen'steam to sweep of St. Moritz White Ribbon tournament with victories in downhill, giant slalom. Werner's time for downhill (2:17.7) was fastest of season.

Carol Heiss, just 16 (SI cover, Feb. 7, 1955), who finished second in the Olympics, turned tables on Champion Tenley Albright, outskating her in school and free figures for the first time to win the world championship at Garmisch.

RECORD BREAKERS

Bob Backus of New York AC hurled 35-pound weight 63 feet 10½ inches for new world indoor record at AAU championships in New York (Feb. 18).

Lorraine Crapp, 17-year-old Australian schoolgirl, broke her own 440-yard freestyle for second time in two days, swimming distance in 5:05.9 at Sydney (Feb. 18).

Black Hills Teachers College of Spearfish, S.D. and **Yankton College** set national collegiate basketball mark by playing seven overtime periods before Black Hills won, 80-79 (Feb. 18).

BOXING

Sandy Saddler, a righteous man who was "mentally hurt" by charges that he used foul means to beat Flash Elorde (SI, Feb. 6), was almost angelic in scoring third-round TKO over Curley Monroe at Providence.

Gene Fullmer, brawling West Jordan, Utah middleweight, took split decision by single point from Gil Turner in furious mill at Madison Square Garden.

Bobby Boyd, rangy young (22) 160-pounder, stopped Eduardo Lausse's unbeaten string at 32 with a split-decision verdict at Chicago.

TRACK AND FIELD

Joe Yancey's New York Pioneer Club, defending champions, won their third AAU indoor title at Madison Square Garden, defeating Villanova 26–22½. Key event was victory of Pioneers' Lou Jones in 600-yard run when hitherto unbeaten Charley Jenkins of Villanova was forced out of contention after first-turn collision. Penn's John Haines, who tied world 60-yard-dash mark early in week, got up on toes to overhaul George Sydnor, won fourth consecutive sprint title in 6.2. Arnie Sowell, out for record, took lead in 1,000, shortly after start, got 25 yards on field but missed mark (2:08.2) by two-tenths of second. Unbeaten Lee Calhoun nipped Jack Davis and Defending Champion Harrison Dillard in 7.2 60-yard hurdles.

Wes Santee, America's fastest miler, was suspended for life from amateur track competition for accepting excessive expenses, by AAU Executive Committee at New York (*see page 12*).

BASKETBALL

St. Joseph's provided upset of week, downing previously unbeaten St. Francis (N.Y.) 80–76, leaving San Francisco as nation's only major undefeated team. Other upsets were Canisius over Holy Cross, Maryland over North Carolina State, De Paul over Kentucky and Xavier over Louisville.

Conference leaders and records: Big Ten—Illinois (9–0) and Iowa (8–1); Atlantic Coast—North Carolina (10-2), Duke, Wake Forest and North Carolina State (9-3); Southern—George Washington (10-2) and West Virginia (9-2); Southeastern—Alabama (9-0), Vanderbilt (10-1) and Kentucky (9-1); Southwest—SMU (9-0), Arkansas (8-2) and Rice (7-2); Missouri Valley—Houston (8-2); Big Seven—Iowa State and Kansas State (6-2); Skyline—Utah (7-2) and Brigham Young (7-3); Pacific Coast—UCLA (10-0) and California (8-2); Ivy—Columbia (6-3), Dartmouth and Princeton (5-3).

HORSE RACING

Nashua, top-weighted in first start as handicap horse, withstood Social Outcast, driving down stretch, to win $129,800, 1¼-mile Widener by head at Hialeah (*see page 42*).

DOG SHOWS

Ch. Wilber White Swan, 4-year-old white toy poodle owned by Bertha Smith of Bethpage, N.Y. and handled by Anne Hone Rogers, won best-in-show at Westminster K.C. event in New York. Six-pound poodle was first toy to gain prize (*see page 34*).

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings this week (first-place votes in parentheses):

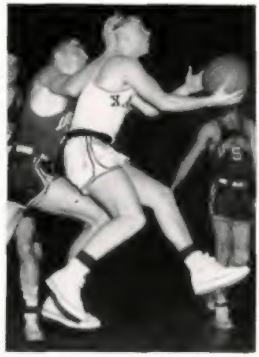
	Points
1—San Francisco (86)	1,301
2—Illinois (18)	1,078
3—Louisville (5)	909
4—Dayton (2)	782
5—Vanderbilt (9)	529
6—North Carolina State	509
7—Alabama (10)	403
8—Kentucky	388
9—North Carolina (4)	297
10—Temple (1)	266

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Duke 228; 12, Southern Methodist (1) 222; 13, Iowa 148; 14, Houston (1) 93; 15, UCLA (1) 90.

FOCUS ON THE DEED

BACKHAND SWING by 70-year-old Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black gets fading shot off court at Coral Gables.

BACK IN SWING, Ike tees off on first round since September 23.



BACKHANDED boost starts Xavier's Boothe going up, down.

Lieut. Parry O'Brien (SI cover, March 21) heaved 16-pound shot through smoke-blue Garden to better all existing records when it boomed off infield boards 61 feet 5¼ inches from circle; at New York. Old indoor mark: 59 feet 9 inches.

Jean Beliveau (SI cover, Jan. 23) led Les Canadiens to their 10th game in a row without defeat as Montreal overwhelmed New York 9-4. Big Jean fired in three goals, scored an assist to boost his league-leading point total to 72.

Swaps (SI cover, July 18), competing first time since hoof injury sidelined him after August match race, heartened Californians with easy win in Los Angeles County Fair Handicap, a prep for this week's $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap.

GOLF

Gene Littler shot a 7-under-par 65 on final round to win $20,000 Texas Open at San Antonio—his first winter-circuit victory—with 276 for 72 holes.

Kathy Cornelius, 23-year-old Lake Worth, Fla. pro, scored her first major tournament win, taking St. Petersburg Open with tourney-record 287.

FIGURE SKATING

Hayes Alan Jenkins, Ronnie Robertson and David Jenkins placed one-two-three in world championships at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, repeating their Olympic triumphs.

TENNIS

Pancho Gonzales continued mastery over Tony Trabert in World Tennis Tour, taking four out of five matches during week. Gonzales now leads Trabert 32-9.

SWIMMING

The Hill School ended Lawrenceville's record of 10 years without defeat in interscholastic dual-meet competition with 45-32 victory at Pottstown, Pa.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—**Willie Mays**, 24, N.Y. Giants center fielder, and Margheurite Wendelle, 27; at Elkton, Md. Exuberant Mays showed burst of famed speed, being clocked at 70 mph (and ticketed) on New Jersey Turnpike as he hustled to altar.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL
(Natl. Basketball Assn.)

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Phila.	Ft. W.	Minn.	Bost.	
W-38; L-20	**105-95**	**134-111**	**115-101**	
Pct.: .655	**101-78**		118-120	
2. Boston	Phila.			
W-32; L-25	101-115			
Pct.: .561	**120-118**			
3. Syracuse	N.Y.	Ft. W.		
W-28; L-29	**91-86**	**85-84**		
Pct.: .491	**118-98**			
4. New York	St. L.	Minn.	Syr.	
W-28; L-30	**103-99**	102-113	86-91	
Pct.: .483			98-118	

WESTERN DIVISION

1. Fort Wayne	Phila.	Roch.	Syr.	St. L.	
W-30; L-26	95-105	**93-81**	84-85	**89-83**	
Pct.: .536	78-101				
2. Minneapolis	Roch.	N.Y.	Phila.		
W-26; L-32	**110-79**	**113-102**	111-134		
Pct.: .448	**119-99**				
	100-93				
3. Rochester	Minn.	Ft. W.			
W-25; L-35	79-110	81-93			
Pct.: .417	99-119				
	93-100				
4. St. Louis	N.Y.	Ft. W.			
W-22; L-32	99-103	83-89			
Pct.: .407					

HOCKEY
(Natl. Hockey League)

1. Montreal	Toronto	New York		
W-36; L-12; T-10	**8-1**	**9-4**		
Pts.: 82				
2. New York	Detroit	Chicago	Boston	Montreal
W-27; L-21; T-9	3-5	**6-1**	0-3	4-9
Pts.: 63				
3. Detroit	New York	Toronto	Chicago	
W-24; L-19; T-14	**5-3**	**6-1**	3-5	
Pts.: 62				
4. Toronto	Boston	Detroit	Montreal	
W-19; L-30; T-10	**1-0**	1-6	1-8	
Pts.: 48				
5. Boston	Toronto	Chicago	New York	
W-18; L-28; T-12	0-1	**4-2**	**3-0**	
Pts.: 48				
6. Chicago	New York	Boston	Detroit	
W-17; L-31; T-11	1-6	2-4	**5-3**	
Pts.: 45				

BOBSLEDDING
STAN BENHAM, Lake Placid, N.Y. (Pat Martin, brake), Natl. AAU two- and four-man titles, Lake Placid, N.Y.

SKIING
DARTMOUTH, Eastern intercollegiate championships, with 558.01 points, Middlebury, Vt.

SQUASH RACQUETS
G. DIEHL MATEER, over Henri Salsun, 15-9, 15-10, 15-10, U.S. singles championships, Hartford, Conn.

RESULTS OF 50 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST
Brown 67—Columbia 59
Canisius 71—Holy Cross 60
Conn. 92—Rhode I. 90
Cornell 78—Yale 71
Dart. 79—Cornell 61
Dart. 61—Columbia 50
Holy Cross 84—Notre D. 72
Penn 75—Princeton 61
St. Jos. (Pa.) 80—
St. Francis (N.Y.) 76
Temple 86—Lafayette 65

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Alabama 109—Florida 74
Alabama 79—Tulane 60
Drake 70—Okla. City 66
Geo. Wash. 81—Wm. & M. 69
Houston 62—Okla. A&M 60
Kentucky 86—Miss. St. 65
Louisville 84—Ky. Wes. 74
Louisville 59—Dayton 56
Md. 71—N.C. State 62
N. Car. 77—W. Forest 73
N.C. State 90—Duke 81
Okla. A&M 70—Detroit 48
Rice 68—Baylor 58
SMU 26—TCU 22
SMU 92—Texas A&M 80
Vanderbilt 74—Tulane 67
Vanderbilt 96—Tenn. 68
West Va. 105—Wm. & M. 90

WEST
Dayton 85—Memphis St. 71
Dayton 85—Xavier (O.) 75
De Paul 81—Kentucky 79
Detroit 72—Marquette 71
Illinois 89—Michigan 66
Illinois 96—Mich. St. 76
Iowa 88—Purdue 75
Iowa 80—Wisconsin 66
Iowa St. 71—Nebraska 69
Oklahoma 69—Kansas 68
Missouri 86—Colorado 61
Wichita 109—St. Louis 103
Xav. (O.) 99—L'ville 59

FAR WEST
BYU 78—Wyoming 67
Colo. A&M 70—BYU 59
San Fran. 79—S. Jose St. 52
San Fran. 74—St. Mary's 63
S. Calif. 74—Stanford 58
Stanford 78—S. Calif. 74
UCLA 77—Oregon State 56
UCLA 72—Oregon State 59
Utah 99—Denver 68
Utah St. 84—Colo. A&M 80
Wyoming 95—Utah State 73

OUT OF HARM. Referee Udvari gets on top of play at New York.

OUT IN SPACE whirls weight tossed by Record Breaker Backus (*see above*).

OUT OF SENSES and ring sprawls German Middleweight Peter Mueller, who missed and landed on head.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX

JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Would subscription television help or hurt sports?

ROBERT WAGNER

Mayor of New York

"Television has brought sports into every home and added much interest to home life. People who never saw big-time sports have become fans. A small TV charge might be the only way the minors and some big-league clubs could survive. In football, small colleges, never on TV, deserve a cut."

ELMER E. ROBINSON, San Francisco Attorney

"It would help. The subscription idea could expand the popularity of sports. It's always beneficial to have anything well-advertised. After people get accustomed to subscription TV, few will object to a small charge to see a great sports spectacle. But the charge should be small, say 25¢."

EARLE KNIGHT

Mayor of Billings, Mont.

"Billings is the largest city in Montana. We are very sports conscious. We'd like to see the big sports events on TV and we're willing to pay. The World Series came to us a week late on a kinescope, and a bad one at that. Those who won't pay on TV can see our team play in the Pioneer League."

JOHN B. HYNES

Mayor of Boston

"It will help. The revenue would be a blood transfusion for sports. TV keeps people away from sports events. In Boston we used to see many busloads come to the ball parks from outlying areas. Now they watch games on TV. However, there should be no charge for hospitals and shut-ins."

NORRIS POULSON

Mayor of Los Angeles

"It will help. Lots of people want to go to ball games, but traffic congestion, parking problems and the annoyance of getting in and out of ball parks make it an ordeal rather than relaxing jaunt. If fans can pay a modest fee and see the games on television, they'll be glad to do so."

GEORGE VERGARA

Mayor of New Rochelle, N.Y.

"If properly handled, subscription TV could be a great boon to sports. Revenue, earmarked for sound promotion, would, in effect, be a public subsidy. It would be one way to keep abreast of Russia's state subsidy of athletics and would allow sports to be kept in the hands of the people."

JAMES S. SMITH, Charlotte, N.C.

President Carolina Textile Brush Co.

"It will help. The fact that we will be able to get the sports we want when we want to see them will be a boon to all sports. Also, when people have to pay a fee for a game on TV, some might rather patronize our own local ball games, which we wish they would do. It will be a boost all round."

FAY WHEELDON

Mayor of Sioux Falls, S.D.

"I'm sure the effect will be more helpful than harmful. Many more sports will be televised if the telecasts make a fair profit. Look how television has boomed wrestling. Most people are willing and expect to pay for something that is good. If it isn't they won't look anyway."

W. C. NELSON

Mayor of Sarnia, Ont.

"I think this new wrinkle will hurt sports, generally. Coin TV or whatever system is used to make the viewer pay would reduce the coverage. The change-over would create resentment and lessen interest. Fewer people would look. What's wrong with the present system of sponsored telecasts?"

DR. ALTON N. ROBINS, Burlington, Vt.

Osteopathic physician

"We are in a rural district. The nearest big league ball park is 260 miles away. Most of us seldom have the opportunity to see a big-time baseball or football game. For us, subscription television would be a boon. Even in metropolitan areas a million persons can't crowd into a ball park."

DAVID ARONBERG, Ashland, Ky.

Civil Defense director

"People down my way feel that the air belongs to the public. However, although hardly anyone would pay to see an outstanding dramatic show over a closed network, many would pay to see a championship boxing contest. If we have to, we'll probably pay gladly to see sports."

NEXT WEEK:

What five players would you nominate for the National Tennis Hall of Fame?

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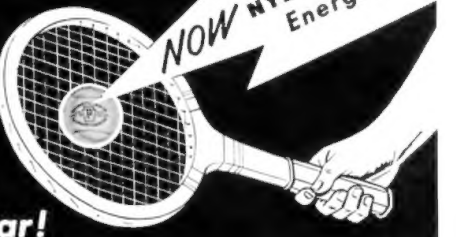

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

QUAIL, BRIDGE, GOLF AND IKE ● SEATTLE: NEW FACES ● THE AAU AND WES SANTEE ● SWEET SIXTEEN ON FIGURE SKATES ● SPRING COMES EARLY FOR DOGS ● THE WANDERLUST OF THE GROSBEAK

IKE TAKES A REST

THERE ARE THOSE who think "a good rest" means lying on a sunny beach or rocking on a porch, but Dwight D. Eisenhower is not one of them. Fifteen minutes after he arrived at George Humphrey's Georgia plantation, Ike had changed to shooting dress and was afield with a .410 over-and-under shotgun, looking for quail. And thereafter he golfed, hunted and played bridge—and worked—with only brief intervals given to passive repose. It was the sort of vacation that a man of active bent finds far more restful than lying in a hammock could ever be.

The President and his host flushed two coveys on that first afternoon's hunt but bagged no birds. Next day, which was warm and drying after a downpour of the night before, the Humphrey pointers were finding birds under ideal scenting conditions, and Ike had armed himself with a trustier weapon, his 20-gauge double-barreled Winchester. He shot a limit of 12 birds.

He played bridge, too (with Humphrey, John Hay Whitney and William E. Robinson, Coca-Cola president), and above all he played golf—the President's first round since the day before his heart attack, when he went 27 holes at Denver's Cherry Hills. This time, at Glen Arven Country Club, he essayed only nine holes, over which he was driven in a golfmobile.

Ike had announced he would play, weather permitting. Heavy mist and soft drizzle didn't exactly permit, but he played anyway, teaming up with the club pro, John H. Walter, against Press Secretary Jim Hagerty and Lloyd H. Megahee, club president.

"I've been looking forward to this for a long time," Ike told Hagerty. It was not only the President's first round since his illness, it was the first time doctors had permitted him to take more than a three-quarter swing in practice sessions. His woods and long irons were, therefore, rusty. He was quite sharp, however, with short-iron pitching and chipping, and he finished with a creditable 47 score, 11 over par. He and the pro, playing on a combined score, point-a-hole basis, won the match 1 up when Ike got down on the 166-yard ninth in 4, despite three putts, and the pro got down in par 3, to their opponents' 4.

Afterward, walking over to the locker room, Ike told Megahee: "I'm a little frightened not only of the strokes, but also I'm a little frightened of myself."

This remark drew a sporting interpretation from Jim Hagerty and a medical one from Major General Howard McC. Snyder, White House physician. To Hagerty it meant that the President had not been hitting down into the ball hard enough on long fairway shots and also was skying the ball a bit. To Dr. Snyder, it was the normal psychological restraint that follows heart attacks. "You're longer getting over the psychological factor than you are the physical," he said. He checked the President over after the match and found him in very good shape and looking forward to playing again in a few days.

That night there was bridge, and next day Ike and Humphrey spent more than six hours in the piney woods and fields, gunning for quail. He shot 10, to Humphrey's four, and after dinner there were two tables of bridge in the plantation living room.

While hunting, Ike and Humphrey wore ankle-high boots and special brush pants as protection against rattlesnakes, now abounding in the area. The pants, of heavy tan duck fitting snugly over the boots, are covered in front with heavy suede and supposedly are impervious to the rattler bite.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Nashua and Swaps, running again after long layoffs, have won their races and now the odds that they will meet again in the Gulfstream Park Handicap on St. Patrick's Day are better than ever. A new factor in the rivalry is Social Outcast, a head behind Nashua in the Widener Handicap. He goes to California for the Santa Anita Handicap, where he will come up against Swaps (*see pages 42 45*).

The first men's national curling championship in the U.S. since 1869 will be held at Chicago Stadium in April 1957. Prime mover for the national bonspiel is Hughston M. McBain, Marshall Field chairman and son of a famous curler. There are 73 curling clubs in the U.S. and about 7,000 active curlers. In Winnipeg there are 32,000 people and 15,000 curlers.

Income-tax returns of Blinky Palermo, Philadelphia fight manager, and Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, fight promoter, have been ordered sent to Washington by the Department of Internal Revenue. A mysteriously ominous spokesman said: "It does not exactly mean that this is an income-tax probe or a probe of just these men."

The pickled sands of Daytona Beach, the roughest in years, limited the speed-trial program of the National Association for Stock Car Racing (NASCAR) to practice acceleration runs at first, then smoothed out to permit hope that most scheduled events could be crowded into the remaining week.

The Cincinnati Redlegs this season will wear a uniform of elastic-knit nylon and durene. Trousers will be on the order of football pants and the shirt will be very like the vest style once worn by the Chicago Cubs.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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In between these forays the President did lie down for an hour or two and he also got in hours of work on matters forwarded to him from Washington. It was a good, satisfying kind of rest.

MESS IN WASHINGTON (CONT.)

THE UNIVERSITY of Washington acquired a new athletic director last week to replace Harvey Cassill, who had resigned the week before at the height of the storm over Seattle's downtown "slush fund" for football players. SI, Feb. 20. The new director, while by no means the people's choice or even a 100% Washingtonian, at least claimed the advantage of neutrality. "I do not belong on anybody's team at Washington," he had said on learning that his appointment was confirmed. H. P. (Dick) Everest, the university vice-president who did the appointing, described him as "a man with completely clean hands." The new man, George Coyle Briggs, is only 31 years old, making him a mere babe in the northwoods, where football can be a mighty serious business. His claim to local loyalty stems from his attendance at Seattle's Roosevelt High School and a year and a half at Washington as a Marine V-12 student during World War II. But his real alma mater is the University of California, where he was student body president. He stayed on there in the athletic department, and when Everest tapped him last week he had risen to assistant athletic director.

Briggs's first job will be to find a new Husky coach to follow John (Cowboy) Cherberg. Already, disgruntled alumni are saying that Briggs was picked to rubber-stamp the selection of Joe Kuharich as the new coach. Not that there is any serious objection to Kuharich, who was just recently named "professional coach of the year" after his fine first season with the Washington Redskins. It is just that Kuharich is supposed to be Everest's selection, and some of the alumni haven't forgiven Everest for his role in the disposal of Cherberg. With that kind of talk going on, it looks very much as if nothing at Washington has changed yet except the athletic director.

SANTEE AND THE AAU

THE 15 MEMBERS of the Executive Committee of the Amateur Athletic Union who met in New York City last Sunday to consider the charges of professionalism directed against Wes Santee, the great mile runner, have been called many things in the few days since, some of them highly uncomplimentary. One of the milder adjectives is bumbling, which they sometimes certainly were. Another is irresponsible, which they just as certainly were not.

The Santee case was simple enough: he was accused of accepting more expense money at certain track meets than the maximum permitted under amateur rules; the evidence seemed to indicate that he had. If so, he was guilty of violating the amateur rules and, under those same rules, would have to be barred from amateur track for life. Yet the committee sat from 10:30 in the morning until 8:30 that evening, with time out only for lunch, listening to the evidence, debating, arguing, hearing Santee, before announcing their decision.

This was because their decision, though simple, was an agonizing one to make. They had to consider that Santee is a young man thrust into vast prominence as a star athlete, and that he had thereby become exposed, ready or not, to the dangerously competitive economics of big-time sport.

The Executive Committee had to consider, too, that there were others, athletes and meet promoters alike, who had almost certainly violated the letter of the amateur law, but who were not at the moment under attack. There were articulate critics who said it was unfair to single out Santee.

But on the other hand, here were the charges and here was the evidence. Santee's only real defense was his claim that the National AAU had no jurisdiction over his case and that it should be returned to his local district association, the Missouri Valley AAU. He did not deny the letter of the charges that he had received excessive expenses in aggregate, perhaps $1,500 more in the course of a year than he was strictly entitled to under the rules. He argued only that he had spent all the money he had received for legitimate expenses and that he had not made money from track and field.

His defense failed to counterbalance the evidence in the committee's eyes. By a vote of 14 to 1 they suspended him from further competition. That was the bad part of it: it means Santee will never run again.

Then they went a step further—a big, significant step. They pointed the finger of guilt at two meet promoters who had contributed to Santee's fall from grace. They released details of Santee's expense figures, revealing discrepancies and variations in amounts paid that raise a dozen questions concerning the methods and motives of certain meet directors and that seemed to cry for a continuing investigation.

It took the AAU a long time to do what it felt it had to do last Sunday. But what they did may prove to be a milestone in the regeneration of amateur sport, which has suffered bitterly from overcommercialization.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Those lumps upon my head today,
Keep swelling with a bang;
How do you ever throw away
A used-up boomerang?

—IRWIN L. STEIN

MOTHER, I DID IT

CAROL HEISS looked small and blonde and infinitely pretty as she glided to the center of the rink at Garmisch-Partenkirchen to perform her climactic free-skating program in the world figure-skating championships. A light powdery snow fell on her turquoise costume. Her movements were quick and flowing, her lightness and speed over the ice breathtaking as she picked up the music to begin her jumps and whirls. This was Carol's moment.

The Olympics at Cortina had definitely not been her moment. There, she finished a close second to the reigning queen of figure skating, Tenley Albright. And although a silver medal seemed a fair trophy for a 16-year-old, the Heiss entourage thought otherwise. Mrs. Heiss, one of the determined phalanx of skating mothers (SI, Feb. 13) who shepherd their prodigies through every meet, hustled Carol indoors just at the moment when custom and protocol called for her to congratulate the winner. And when the U.S. skaters moved to Garmisch for the world championships, the Heisses installed themselves in a hotel several miles from the one reserved for the U.S. squad.

None of this won any special admiration from the press, or from the powers in U.S. ice skating, who promised a special report next month on the "awful" behavior of some of the skaters, their mothers and coaches.

But when the skating competition at Garmisch finally began, Carol immediately served notice that her days as a disappointed runner-up were over. Skating better than she ever did before, she won the first of the precise school figures, held her lead through the second and third; and at the end of the fifth figure, was still narrowly ahead. Then Tenley came back to win the sixth and final figure. Carol, afraid that another title was about to slip away, clutched for the maternal hands.

"Now, now," comforted the uncomfortable Mrs. Heiss. "It's not over yet." And it wasn't. After several hours of mysterious calculations, the judges ruled that, for the first time in nine meetings, Tenley Albright had lost to Carol Heiss in school figures. Carol heard the news at the lunch table at the Alpenhof. With nothing ahead but free skating, she sensed that this was, indeed, her moment. "Mother," she said, "I can win."

Win she did. With the sequins on her turquoise costume flashing, and her pony tail whipping through the air like a propeller, Carol opened up with two double axels from both left and right foot, and hit them on the bottom. Timing her maneuvers perfectly to the strains of *If I Were King*, she wove a dazzling pattern over the ice. When she ended with a spectacular sit spin, the public roared approval, and a judge, Ercola Cattaneo, burst spontaneously into applause before he remembered who and where he was. Carol bowed winsomely and skated back to wait for the verdict while the crowd chanted "Six! Six!" thus calling for the highest marks given out in skating.

There were no sixes, but enough 5.9s to make her the new world champion, and second youngest to win the title since Sonja Henie took it at the age of 15 in 1927.

Overwhelmed, the new champion threaded through a platoon of photographers and into the arms of her waiting mother.

"Mother," she whispered excitedly, "I did it. I did it."

There was no doubt that she did. But Tenley Albright, in losing, seemed no less a champion. As soon as the decision was announced, she congratulated her rival.

"Carol was great," said Tenley. "Better than ever. I have absolutely no complaints. The judging was O.K."

NOTE FOR NEXT JANUARY

ONE of our favorite correspondents is a man who signs himself Sparse Grey Hackle *(see page 30)* and generally writes about the great sport of fishing with an angle. His latest communication is on a fresh subject and commences: "Make a memo on the assignment book for January next year. I noticed this time, but was too busy to say anything about it, an interesting phenomenon."

The editors are making a cuff note for January 1957, but meanwhile pass on Sparse's reflections:

"To people, January is the middle of winter. But dogs know that spring is coming and no matter how bad the weather, they start to get restless and lively. I don't mean just girl-watching but a sort of emergence from hibernation. They come visiting down our street and after a while start roving around in groups. This is a sure harbinger of dog runaway time which is due when the willow leaves get as big as a mouse's ear. One bad dog decides to run away, and, if you don't look out, he will pull every dog in the street along with him.

"He picks up a friend or two and they start playing, and as they play, they move along. First thing you know, there is a flying circus of strange dogs inviting the local residents to come on out and play. As they play they move, and, once they have gone around two or three corners, all of them are lost because dogs seem to have little sense of direction.

"When it gets dark it's too late to do anything about it; they break up and start battering back doors for a flop and a handout just like real hoboes. Once your dog finds out that he can get himself taken in for the night by strangers, you've got a runaway dog, a hobo, a bum; and even if you get him back, he'll run away again. And again. And again. Everybody who likes dogs has taken in a stray dog only to lose him just the way they got him. He'll stay a day, maybe two; and the instant he stops getting 100% of everyone's attention, he'll be gone.

"I also think there is an opportunity to do a full-scale job on a dog's wooing. I don't mean anything vulgar—no

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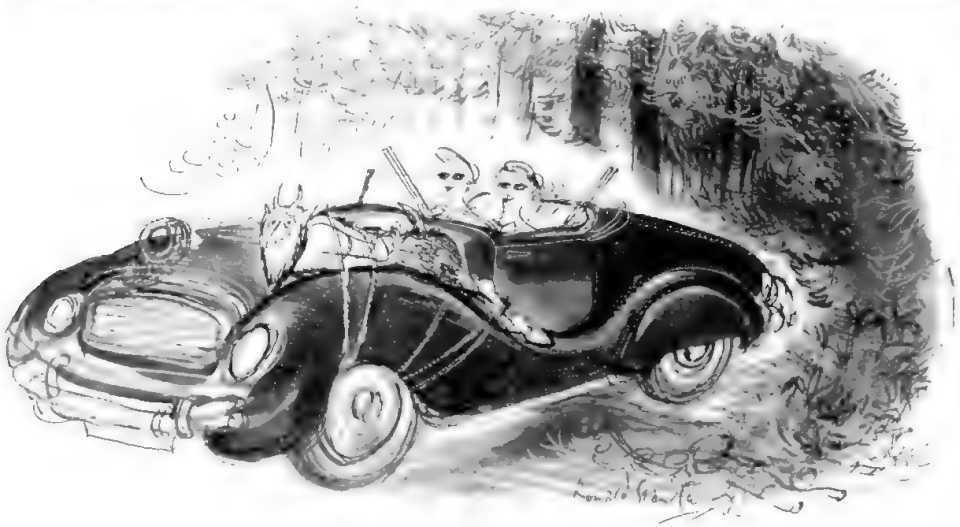

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physiological dissertations—nothing offensive to any reasonable person. But true love as opposed to just mating. Love is a great psychological experience for a dog, particularly the first time, just as it is for man.

"It forms character. Think of the handicaps under which a dog operates—no privacy, for one thing; not merely from people but from other dogs. The competition is tremendous and the disease takes a long while to run its course, during which it monopolizes its victims.

"My mother-in-law used to bring a little Pekingese bitch to the house when she visited us, and it pulled in dogs big enough to saddle and ride, from two miles and more off; we identified many of them.

"They all come up to the door in the morning and ring the bell, so to speak, and put on their best smiles and selling manners. Dogs not only have a sense of humor, embarrassment, guilt and other human characteristics but they are the world's best salesmen. They ask, 'Can Millie come out and play?' as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. They always made my wife laugh, they were so obviously trying to butter her up.

"When that doesn't work they settle down to the endless vigil, and instead of being bad-tempered they usually get acquainted and play—of course being careful to stay within reach of the front door. They were really sort of grateful to me when I bought an air gun and started stalking them; it was like a game and they enjoyed it. It took them half an hour to get educated to the range of that gun. Before the afternoon was up I had them as wary as wild animals.

"As you doubtless know, a dog who is Cupid's victim wouldn't think of going home at night, and, as a matter of fact, I have often wondered how they do it in shifts—go home and gulp and then gallop back. But they stand guard all night.

"Experience is just as valuable in love-making as in any other endeavor, and the newcomer who lacks it has just as hard a time as any freshman at West Point. It is funny but also appealing to early psychological wounds now hidden with scar tissue, which all of us bear, to see the young pups on their first run making chumps of themselves and finally getting run off when things begin to come to a head. It is always touching as well as inspiring and, to be sure, amusing to see a boy grow up into a man overnight.

"What this piece needs is a No. 1 dog man with a philosophical outlook and vivid memories of his own youth, and all the free time in the world, and competence with a camera. I lack all of those things except memories of my youth."

WATCHMEN'S TRIUMPHS

WINTER is the time when bird watchers strain their eyes in hopes of spotting one of those rare winter visitors—which is to the birder what the hole-in-one is to the golfer. Feeding stations are under lengthy scrutiny in search of the unexpected.

Residents of eastern states down through Pennsylvania and New Jersey were rewarded this winter by wandering flocks of evening grosbeaks. This species is at home in the coniferous forests of the north, mostly in Canada. But occasionally there comes a winter when evening grosbeaks get the wanderlust and move southward. The reasons for these irruptions are not clear but when they happen even people with only a casual interest in birds get excited.

An airplane pilot swore that he had seen a bunch of small parrots in his backyard. This conclusion was not too farfetched because evening grosbeaks, particularly the males, are brightly marked with yellow, white and brown and have large, ivory-colored beaks.

In Bucks County, Pa. Mrs. Loraine Rudy peeked out her window in hopes of seeing a grosbeak or two, but instead she saw a horse eating the grain on the food tray. This seems to be the only report this winter of a horse on a bird-feeding station.

Down in Florida, Ornithologist Alexander Sprunt Jr. recorded two triumphs, a Greenland wheatear and an American eider duck. The wheatear, a small brown thrush, normally breeds in the arctic regions and winters in tropical Africa and southern Asia. The American eider is seldom found south of Long Island, N.Y. Why either bird happened to go to Florida is anybody's guess.

It also was hard to explain why an Atlantic fulmar happened to be sitting beside a road near Ramsey, N.J. This bird also is at home in the arctic. Harry Breitenback of Ramsey caught it. After the bird had rested and had been admired by birders, it was turned loose. It headed northeast.

Other ornithological discoveries of varying importance were reported from over the country. They included a communication from one of SI's correspondents that bird watching is backed by a scriptural imperative of sorts. *Matt. 6:26* enjoins: "Behold the fowls of the air."

SPECTACLE

INDIAN TIGER PARTY

In Cooch Behar, the grand-style tiger hunt of legend carries on unchanged in pomp and ceremony and as luxuriously as ever

The favorite diversion of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, ruler of a princely state of northeast India, is carrying on his grandfather's traditional tiger shoots from the backs of elephants. True, the once private tiger tamasha is now open to paying guests who apply to the Maharaja's Himalayan Shikar Syndicate. But as far as custom is concerned everything is about the same as it was 100 years ago. Indian shikar life has all the luxuries of a Grand Hotel in the jungle. At sundown guests gather in a circle (*right*) for cocktails; a retinue of manservants stands ready to attend to every want; there is ice for the drinks and even hot water to shave with. On top of this, and the sights and sounds of the Indian jungle, there is big game hunting as Kipling knew it. For a firsthand report on the hunt, see Film Director John Huston's article on page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YLLA

ELEPHANT CARAVAN of hunters and beaters moves off through the high grass and brush in search of tigers. Huston and the other members of the party ride in howdah on elephant's back.

HUNTING PARTY, including staff of green-turbaned mahouts sitting astride gaily decorated elephants, lines up for inspection on first day before commencement of organized drive for game.

JUNGLE-EDGE PICNIC being given by hunter John Hessen, *left*, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buenen of Chicago, T. Wynyard Pasley of New York, Major Parbat Singh and Mr. and Mrs. Felix Fenston of Guildford, England.

'LIKE A LICK OF FLAME IN THE JUNGLE'

by JOHN HUSTON

That is how the tiger looked to this famous movie director and sportsman when, after four days of hunting, he sighted his prey

THE BENGAL TIGER is the biggest of all tigers, and the biggest Bengals are to be found in Assam State, which borders the princely province of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar. The Himalayan Shikar Syndicate leases shooting blocks there from the Indian government and is allowed to hunt each block for two weeks of the year. The hunt in which I participated was out of Camp Parbati, from which one can see the foothills of the Himalayas. Getting there takes an hour and a half by DC-3 and some four hours by jeep from Calcutta, which is the point of departure.

There were seven in our party, but only three were shooting: Walter Buchen, a Chicagoan, Felix Fenston from Guildford, England, and myself. The others included W.B's and Felix's wives; Wynyard Pasley, the representative of a New York and London travel agency, who took bookings for the hunt; and the late Ylla, photographing for SI. Only Felix had shot tiger before—with a gun, that is. Ylla had photographed them.

Camp Parbati had four big luxury tents around a quadrangle, an open-air bar and a wooden dining room on stilts. Beyond the quad were more tents, smaller ones, for the officers and servants of the hunt. All in all, we found the service somewhat better than that furnished by our favorite hotels. Each of us had his own personal bearer or orderly, behind whom stood, or rather ran, a little host of water carriers, sweepers and washermen. The water in our private baths was always hot, our clothes from the day before well laundered. And there was ice in the drinks put into our hands.

At cocktails before dinner, a tiny, bearded man appeared. He salaamed to each of us in turn and I saw that his hands were the size of a young boy's. He wore a pale violet turban, white tunic, fawn-colored breeches and white cloth puttees that wrapped around his naked insteps. This was the Raj Kumar, which means son of raja, and he was the commanding officer of the hunt.

The block we were in was about 12 miles square. Five young domestic buffaloes had been tethered out over that area. In the morning scouts would go out to see whether any had been killed. If so, they would come back ringing a bell. Then we would go after the tiger.

No bells were rung that first morning. In other words—no kills. Pasley and I walked down to the elephant camp. The early-morning curtain of ground fog had not yet lifted and the great grey shapes of the beasts loomed through

HUSTON AND FRIENDS Luchen and Felix Fenston are photographed with the day's bag at weighing-in ceremony after hunt.

it hugely. There were 30 in all—20 beater, six pad and four howdah elephants, and they were having the final touches put to their battle array: blue, red and white designs, no two alike, painted on their foreheads and on the meaty bases of their trunks. A ladder was produced and we climbed aboard one of the pad elephants—so called because a mattress was tied to its back. The mahout, astride its neck, banged his elephant hook against the beast's skull, which echoed like a hollow log, and we were on our way back toward camp.

The first hunt was what is called a general hunt. That is, we were to shoot anything in the way of game that ran or rose before us: deer, pig, jungle fowl, peacocks, anything. Sometimes a panther is kicked up on a general hunt—rarely a tiger. Reaching the jungle, we changed from the pad elephants to the howdahs, meaning those with a basketlike platform on their backs. The beasts were then

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AS ELEPHANTS APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY, HUSTON (RIGHT) PEERS OVER MAHOUT'S HEAD TO INSPECT KILL

Joe Kaufman

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

BASEBALL: NINE MEN, A DIAMOND AND $10 MILLION

That's what it takes to make a major league ball club. Some businessmen consider it an investment, some a disease; but all agree it's a gamble—the most exciting one in all sport

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

IN THE SMALL midwestern town where I grew up—this is back in the 1920s—there were three sports, and they followed each other across the seasons with the same natural geometry that makes the moon swell and wane. In the fall there was football, in the winter there was basketball, and in the spring and summer there was baseball. There were, of course, to be literal, other things too, such as *tin-can hockey on the frozen creeks* and an outburst of track in the spring, but these were extras: the basic facts of life were only three.

They made three concentric circles. The basketball involved the nearby towns. The football took in the whole midwestern area because one was interested in college football and felt state pride. The baseball was national. They called it the national game, and it was truly that. In September the *Tribune* hung its big tin diamond on the side of the building, and the sports editor and his helpers, working from a platform behind it, took the World Series plays off the wire and moved the mannequin players around the bases, to the groans and cheers of the crowd that filled the street. New York or Washington or even Chicago was a long way away, and hardly anyone in the crowd had ever been to such places; but every man and boy in the crowd had picked his team, knew the players and felt a sense of participation which, being imaginary, was more acute than one now feels in seeing the shadow of a sometimes torpid reality on a television tube.

But the extraordinary thing was this: the whole event, and indeed the whole annual experience *from the spring-training* news to this climax, was somehow filled with a spirit of amateurism, almost as much as school basketball and football. Of course the players were paid, and of course the club owners had expenses and wanted to come out with a profit, and of course this was professional sport, and yet—the feeling was that the money was only a means to an end, the end being baseball as a game. Were Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, Babe Ruth *commodities?* They were heroes. Was Connie Mack a businessman? He was the general of a campaign. Baseball teams were sponsored by nobody except the public.

Somewhere along the line the accent shifted. Absurd as it may sound, professional baseball lost its amateur standing. It became a big business. This may be good or bad. On the good side it can be argued that the general level of skill in the major leagues is higher than in the older days, that competition is tougher in the teams and in the leagues, and thus that the sport has improved. One thing is sure and healthy: the baseball audience has increased many thousandfold. But, good or bad or both, the change has happened, so that today the successful ball club is as tightly organized and as attentive to financing, purchases, manufacturing, promotion and sales as the successful company dealing in washing machines or motorcars.

A few years ago Philip K. Wrigley invented his famous aphorism, "Baseball is too much of a sport to be a business and too much of a business to be a sport." As a sport, it speaks for itself—to millions every summer day. But as a business it is curiously mute. As the devil fears holy water, so does the baseball owner or general manager flinch at a request to see a balance sheet or a profit and loss statement. What, as the season opens, becomes the national game and requires the presence of the President to pitch the symbolic first ball becomes at the end of the season a very private bookkeeping matter.

continued on next page

ASSEMBLY OF OWNERS AT KAUFMAN PARK

One thing is common to baseball club owners: wealth. Beyond that, there are personal idiosyncrasies which may or may not have something to do with how wealth is acquired. How divergent these may be is shown by Joe Kaufman's drawing in which, reading counterclockwise from top left, we find Lou Perini, whose activities with steamshovels enabled him to purchase the Milwaukee Braves; Spike Briggs, who made his way to ownership of the Detroit Tigers via the plumbing manufacturing business; Arnold Johnson, who capitalized on wedlock people's thirst for soft drinks that now keeps the Kansas City Athletics; Gussie Busch, who deals in slightly harder stuff and now calls the tune for the St. Louis Cardinals; Phil Wrigley's real hobby is covering with ivy; he manages more successfully at tinkering with the Chicago Cubs. Grace Comiskey was a violinist in her youth; her Chicago White Sox have been notable lately for their melodious and profitable counterpoint to the more strenuous music of pennant winners. Tom Yawkey, a hunter by avocation, goes gunning on the diamond too; last season his Red Sox nearly winged the American League's top teams. Bob Carpenter, a football end in college whose father was a Du Pont official, is still running with his Phillies. Walter O'Malley, as everyone knows, has a green thumb with the Dodgers—and with flowers as well. As for Horace Stoneham (*center*), he's a straight baseball man, and one of the most tireless jugglers in the game.

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SI proposes to bring this odd situation into better balance. In future issues we will have a great deal to say about baseball as a sport. In the present series we are concerned with the other half of Mr. Wrigley's definition: with the big business that baseball has become.

■

How big is it? Well, obviously not even in the same order of magnitude as the basic industries, but pretty big at that. Organized baseball, the eight tiers of professional baseball reaching from the major leagues to the Class D leagues, is responsible in one way or another for more than $100 million changing hands each year. This figure counts concessions, radio and television and would be a minimum: the chances are that it is considerably higher.

At least half of this amount, and probably more, is the product of big league play, and most of the remainder stems from big league activities. Not only are most of the smaller clubs (55 out of 68 in the nine top minor leagues) financially dependent these days on the big ones, either as outright fiefs or through working agreements by which they consent to sell players, but the public's interest in them—such as it is—is largely a reflection of the mania stirred up by the big league pennant races and the World Series. No one but the local sports editor and the players' relatives really cares deeply about what happens to the Class D team in Kokomo, Indiana, but a number of fans there may bleed with every blow suffered by the Cubs or Indians or some other big league team to which they have attached their loyalty. As everyone must know by now, the minor leagues are in miserable condition: the cause and possible cures will be left for a future analysis. Here we are concerned with the 16 teams that make up the major leagues and from which the whole of organized baseball suspends.

From a business standpoint, there are two ways of looking at them. One is the point of view of the owner or investor: how does one make a maximum profit in big league ball? The other point of view is that of the player: how does one go about making a financially satisfactory career in baseball? Until rather recently there was a third point of view, that of the Department of Justice. The department maintained that the major leagues, with their financial and contractual control over organized baseball, comprised a monopoly -a fact so obvious that no one made any attempt to deny it. The Supreme Court, however, removed the embarrassment by declaring that baseball is not a business in interstate commerce: a further demonstration, if any more were needed, that there really is such a thing as a curve ball.

HOW TO START A BALL CLUB

Suppose, then, to settle on the first point of view, that one wants to own a big league club, a fantasy that must have occurred to most fans. And suppose for the sake of illustration that it is decided to start from scratch, creating the whole thing, the way a man might decide to open an insurance agency or a grocery store. How much money would be needed, how would it be spent and what would be the factors influencing profit and loss?

This admittedly farfetched idea was submitted a few weeks ago to Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers' president and a man who combines baseball sense and business sense in an unsurpassed degree. Mr. O'Malley caught the high fly gracefully. "First, you'd have to get a clearance from your psychiatrist," he rumbled. "What I mean by that is, it's logical to assume that if you're going into the baseball business you're more or less crazy to begin with. All right ... you've got your clearance. The first thing you'd do then would be buy 150 acres of land in a central location. The prices vary, of course, with your locality. What would cost you $2 million somewhere in New York City might cost you $500,000 to $750,000 some other place. You want a big city, so let's say $1.5 million for the land. It has to be easy to get to—that's absolutely essential. There should be a tie-in with municipal transportation, but look at it with the viewpoint of the automobile carrying most of your fans, so it's got to be located close to good roads or express streets that aren't tied up with red lights or bottlenecks. You'll put 100 acres of it into parking space. You could get into a lot of costs here, of course, depending on the type of property and paving material, but black-top paving on a level surface would run about another $100,000. Then you'll want to tie your stadium sections into some sort of intraboundary-type transportation, like those World's Fair autotrains, so you can pick the people up in the lot and take them where they're supposed to go. You could charge a dime a ride for that and make it pay."

O'Malley swiveled his 200-odd pounds of physical prosperity, leaned back and spoke with honey in his voice as he went on to the next subject. "Now," he said, "the stadium." He went on: "There goes $4 to $5 million. You'll build a 32,000-seat stadium—that's the minimum to start making money. What you want and plan for is 50,000 seats, but it's physically impossible to build a stadium that size in one year and you want some return on your investment right away, so you settle for the 32,000 at first. The next year you add 1,000 boxes, eight seats each. They're for the corporate clients, the companies that want to be able to put it on a little, make an impression, and say to their customer, 'How about seeing the ball game?' These boxes have complete privacy and have easy access to the restaurant and all club facilities. They're very important in your profit picture. You also extend your right- and left-field wings for 10,000 general-admission and bleacher seats.

"There's a peculiar thing. You're not going to make any money to speak of on those 10,000 seats. On a 75¢ seat the visiting club gets 27½c, the league gets 5c, the government takes 7c, and here in New York the city takes 3c. That leaves you 32½c, which might just barely pay out your cost of construction and maintenance someday. And the public doesn't like those seats either. They're very seldom well filled. The public wants reserved seats even if the view sometimes isn't as good—it's some kind of snobbery. I could sell all the general-admission and bleacher seats I don't sell now if I wanted to cheat and raise the price a dollar and make them 'reserved.' But it's a tradition that you've got to have them. And you figure you're getting some people into the park, kids and others, who otherwise couldn't afford to come to the ball game, and getting their loyalty, and you know they'll climb the ladder to the reserved seats and boxes just as soon as they get the money.

"So now you've got your stadium, all built on a curve like a big bowl, without pillars—everybody has a view and there are no dead seats. You put a roof on it, a translucent dome." O'Malley now spoke almost dreamily. "It sounds fantastic to some people, but the engineering is all worked out and it makes completely good sense from a business standpoint. Think: you can air-condition it and never have a rainout. It opens your stadium to fights, shows, conventions, football and all the other activities on a weatherproof basis. It gives you the chance to use your capital investment 365 days a

O'MALLEY OF THE DODGERS [illegible] that so much [illegible] of the future a covered stadium which does business 365 days each year.

year instead of 66 days like we did last year at Ebbets Field. It will cost you one and a half million dollars. But here's an angle on that. Suppose you put a little roadway running around the inside of the dome near the top, and connected it with ramps to your parking lot autotrains so they could take people up there sightseeing? Wouldn't *that* be a tourist attraction? Do you realize that the observation tower of the Empire State building takes in one million dollars a year?

"Now, about concessions, the hot dogs and peanuts and so forth," O'Malley said, returning to earth. "I would lease the concessions to some experienced firm like the Stevens Brothers. That is their business. They know how to run it and they'll give you more profit than you could make yourself, and still come out with a good profit for themselves. If some owners would put the time they spend on their concessions into running their ball clubs, they'd come out a lot better. This concession thing is very important in your profit picture. You'll expect to get a profit of about 20c a head from your concession lease. So if you have one million admissions a season, you get about $200,000 from that source.

"Another very important thing, of course, getting more important all the time, is the radio and television income. That varies according to the clubs and their situations—some of them don't have any TV at all—but I would say the average club gets slightly more income from radio-TV rights than it does from its concessions. With some of them it's a great deal more.

"So, now you've got everything except the crucial thing, an artistic ball team. Even theoretically, it would be impossible to start from scratch, but if you did it would cost you at least $10 million. No major league club would like to put the 25 men on its roster into an airplane without insuring them for at least $5 million. And you couldn't buy the players in the Dodger farm system, for instance, for $5 million. So, if you figure to start from scratch, your stadium, your team and your farm system are going to use up at least $15 million.

CONTENDER—OR NO MONEY

"You have to have this type of operation to produce a pennant winner or a contender, and if you don't have a contender you won't make much money, except in a special, honeymoon situation like Milwaukee or Kansas City.

"You can't set up a club to win the pennant—there are too many factors—but you can set it up to practically guarantee that it will be a contender. A contending club should be supported by one Triple-A club, two Double-As, three B clubs, four Cs and six Ds. That's partly because of the times—the draft. Uncle Sam takes a hundred players and you have to start juggling. They go in and come out at staggered times, so you have to be flexible. But anyway, even aside from that, your organization should be like a pyramid, with a base in the Ds and tapering to your major league club.

"To support this—if you're going to operate like Brooklyn—you're going to have to be prepared to spend one million dollars a year. That will break down into four equal parts.

"Your first item of $250,000 will be for the salaries and expenses of your scouts. Remember, they'll start watching a boy in high school and the expense goes on until they've signed him to a contract, maybe quite a few years later. You expect the scouts to produce 100 players a year to go into the pool and be assigned.

"Then, you'll want to allocate another $250,000 for bonuses. It stands to reason that most of the promising boys have been scouted by other clubs, so you're going to have to take this money and go into the market and bid. You'll get some boys for $1,000, and others will cost you

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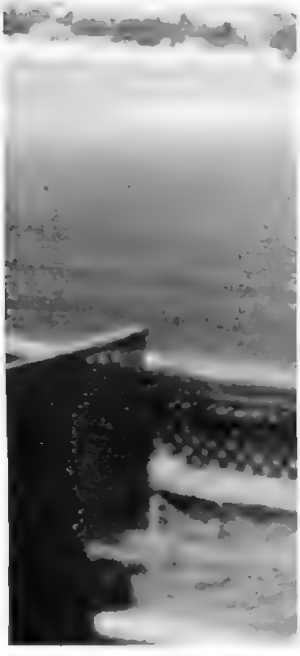


SPECTATORS AT MOSCOW'S STATE HIPPODROME FORBIDDEN TO CHEER, MUTELY WATCH THE RACES DURING THE WINTER SEASON

U.S.S.R.'S 10-RUBLE HORSE PLAYERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE SUTTON

IMPROVERS of the breed, it seems, are the same the world over—a hardy band who'en defies wind and weather to get down that $2, 5-shilling or 100-franc bet. On a snowy, 6-below Moscow evening last month, thousands of them jammed the State Hippodrome to risk their rubles on harness racing, a popular Russian sport since Count Alexis Grigorievich Orlov founded the famous Orlov line of trotters in 1778. Post time for the first race in Moscow is 5 p.m. to attract homebound workers; the races closes at 9, when everyone goes home for late dinner. Bookmaking is forbidden and betting (to win only) is handled by state-run pari-mutuel machines. Off their recent performance in Paris (SI, Feb. 20), Russian trotters are considerably slower than their American Standardbred counterparts.

ASTRAKHAN HATTED [illegible] form chart. Lowest bet allowed [illegible] back is 10 rubles ($2.50).

RUSSIAN TROTTERS RACE OVER THE HARD PACKED SNOW. IN THE SUMMER THE UNDERLYING DIRT TRACKS COME INTO PLAY

"WHO LOOKS GOOD in the third?" is universal horse talk. Typical names of horses entered in this third race: Duty, Sorrowful, Melancholy, Determined.

BETWEEN RACES, this breed-improver disdains vodka and caviar vendors to mark program instead.

7
10

SOCCER BY THE COLLIERY

On snowy fields lined with coal dust, soccer is a Sunday treat in the winter-racked mining towns of Western Pennsylvania

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASSAR

HARMARVILLE MINE dominates field as local players, wearing light sweaters, take the offense against Cecil, Pa. Harmarville won 4-3, to gain quarter-finals of National Open Cup tournament.

BLACK LINE of coal dust from Harmarville mine marks boundaries of playing field covered by 2½ inches of snow. Miners call the coal dust "bug dust," because it is "ground as fine as bugs."

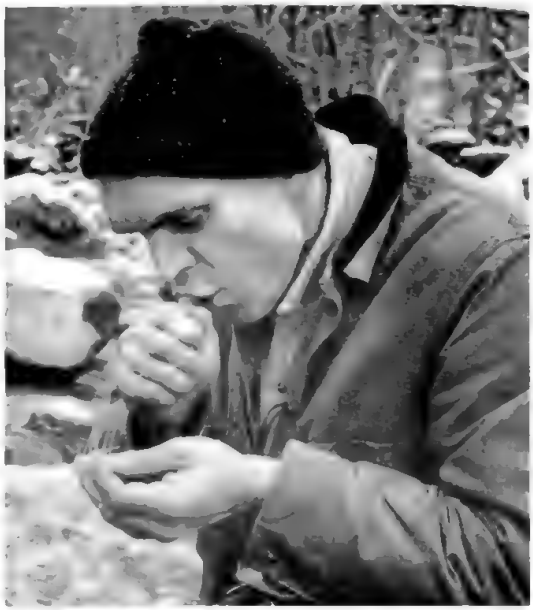
JOE VAN WORMER

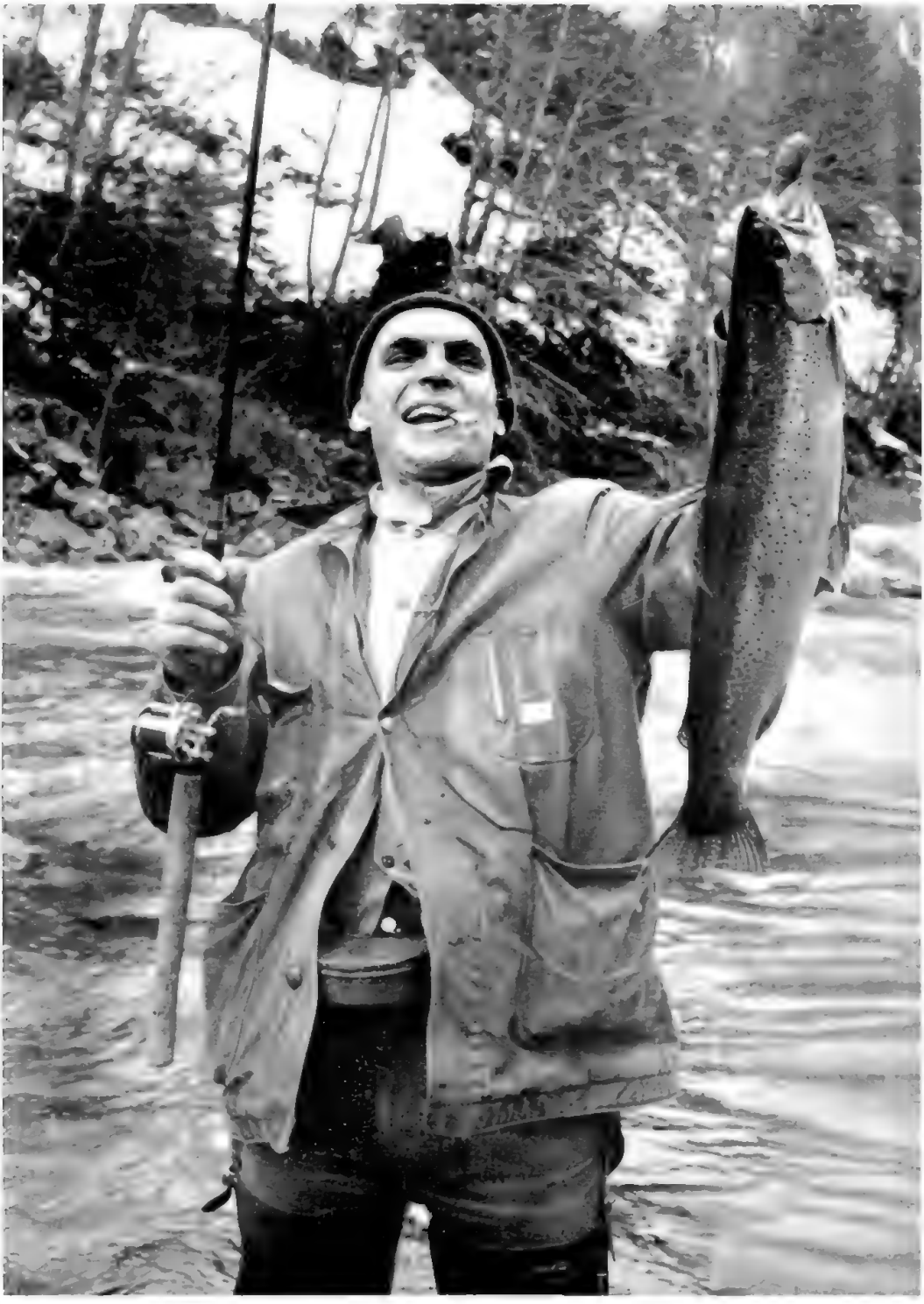
STEELHEADING THE SKYKOMISH

A slog through the snow, wet feet, frozen fingers mean nothing to the fisherman out after steelhead in Washington's Skykomish River, provided, of course, he catches one

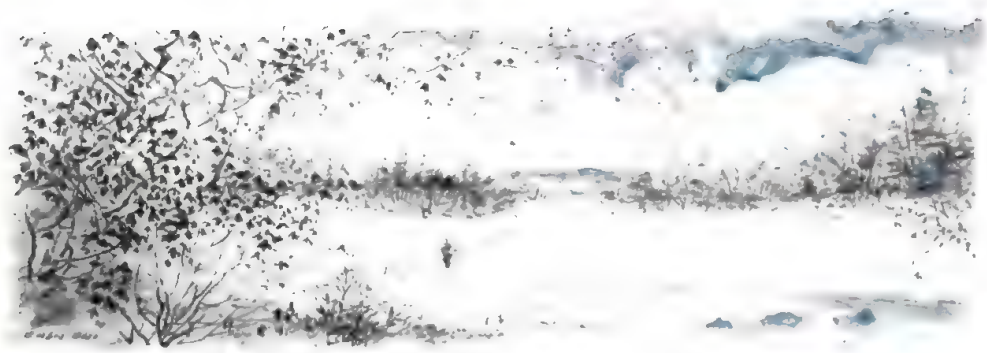
Numbed by cold, Gordon Frear trudges home with catch

Dick Harrison (above) and Carl Reiner untangle bait





Exultant Carl Reiner, oblivious to day's discomforts, holds eight-pound steelhead aloft in triumph



THE SCANDAL OF THE DESECRATED SHRINE

Carrion befouls the banks and the waters of the classic Beaverkill

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

A GRAY-HAIRED angler stood beside the Beaverkill one April morning, assembling his tackle. His hands were shaking.

"After 25 years on the river I still tremble with excitement when I first see it on Opening Day," he confessed to his companion. "The fishing is never good so early, but I always come anyway; I love this beautiful stream. I'd rather fish it and get nothing than take a limit on any other stream."

But he will not come to the Beaverkill this year to open the season. There is carrion on the banks.

This Beaverkill and its tributary Willowemoc are the American Test and Itchen, the classic waters in which the American angler first met the transplanted, peerless brown trout and on which George LaBranche adapted the dry fly to fast water and started an angling revolution. It is the most demanding, sophisticated dry-fly river in America and a lifetime is too short to solve all of its subtleties; yet it offers even the newcomer a sporting chance. Its name is known everywhere in this country and is the only one familiar to most of the visiting fishermen who come here from abroad.

For half a century the Beaverkill has been the shrine of American dry fly angling. Now there is garbage in the shrine.

Considering that they are less than 150 miles from the largest city in the world, the Beaverkill and Willowemoc are surprisingly wild. Deer are everywhere, and the upper valleys still see an occasional beaver or the fleeting glimpse of a black bear. Successive relocations of the highway, Route 17, put most of the lower river within sight of the road, but there were still wild reaches where the blue heron waded and the only sound was the voice of the rapids.

The wild, beautiful reaches of the Beaverkill are wild no longer; old clothes and waste paper and worn-out tires scar the banks. The carcasses of deer killed by cars on the highway lie decaying on the ice waiting for the spring floods to distribute them along the river. Rats replace the heron, and by summer the buzzing of blowflies will surely drown the voice of the rapids.

Some rivers smile treacherously to lure the angler, hoping to drown or maim him; some glower so balefully that the air above them is heavy with menace; some are dead skeletons, ripped to their parent boulders by scouring floods; some are no more than deceptive mud pits and some are so mossy or slimy that they can scarcely be waded, no matter how one's shoes are armed.

The Beaverkill and Willowemoc are none of these; their special glory is their kindness and frankness. Here are no hidden holes, or quickening currents against which one cannot return. And here the bottom is of flattish stones, green, gray, garnet, brown and some almost white, all through the rapids, with sparkling, clean-washed gravel in the slower pools, making them so easy to wade that they can be fished in darkness almost as easily as in daylight. On the upper rivers this is still true.

THE LOVELY VISTA SHOWN IN THE SKETCH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS NOW DISFIGURED BY 14 GARBAGE DUMPS LIKE THE ONE ABOVE

But in numerous places along the lower rivers, contractors have power-shoveled road material out of the stream bed, breaking its protective shingled "roof" so that the disturbance may extend for half a mile or more downstream. And ton after ton of dirt and rubble from contractors' excavations or landslides onto the highway have been dumped down the river banks to shallow the pools, coat the stones with mud and smother the stream insects—the trout's principal food—which live among them.

The tremendous growth in fishing interest indicated by the increase in licenses issued is only a part of the story. Before New York City dammed and diverted the flow of all the Catskill rivers except the Beaverkill and Willowemoc, the unposted water on the two streams was maybe a quarter of all the open water in the Catskills, at a rough guess. Today it is nearer three-quarters. Besides the increase in beginning anglers, these rivers have had to receive hordes of veterans who have been driven to them from other streams. Twice as many anglers on one-quarter as much stream means eight times the fishing concentration on the Beaverkill-Willowemoc miles than there was not many years ago.

It is ironic that of all the Catskill rivers, this stretch should be the victim of gross pollution and the neglect of the government of the State of New York, because this is the state's largest continuous length of trout water owned by the anglers themselves.

Some years ago the forward-looking New York State Conservation Department used the fishermen's license money to buy fishing rights on many streams, but above all on the Beaverkill and Willowemoc. Today any licensed angler is free to fish virtually 27 continuous miles of the most classic trout water to be found in America, from East Branch up the Beaverkill to Roscoe and on up the Willowemoc to Livingston Manor. It is a veritable kingdom, the angler's domain, the showcase of New York state and the whole eastern seaboard.

In the showcase there are 14 open, public and presumably illegal dumps spaced fairly evenly along those 27 miles where once, according to Theodore Gordon's friend Roy Steenrod, "If you resolved to take no fish under 14 inches, you still could take on the dry fly more fish than you could carry."

One dump is directly on a "Fly-Fishing Only" stretch for the establishment of which the fishermen fought in order to protect the river. Several dumps are adjacent to roadside picnic grounds established for the traveler's enjoyment. Many dumps are adorned with "No Dumping Allowed" signs standing in the midst of garbage, beer cans, old clothes, bedsprings, carrion and the carcasses of dogs, cows and the innumerable deer killed by cars on the highway; there are a half dozen dead deer on the Elk Brook Run dump, alone. Almost all of these dumps are in full sight of the road and, presumably, the state police. Wheel tracks disclose that the stuff is dumped by the truckload.

continued on next page

ANGLER'S PRAYER IS OFFERED AT BEAVERKILL GRAVESIDE OF RICHARD ROBBINS BY FRIENDS ATTENDING THE RECENT ANGLER'S REUNION

BEAVERKILL

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"We blame the department of highways most," says Harry Darbee, a local resident who for years has been a leader in the fishermen's continual fight to save the rivers.

"The conservation department, which paid over $60,000 for fishing rights on the Beaverkill and Willowemoc and spends more than $15,000 a year to stock and patrol them, disclaims responsibility. The Attorney General's office shrugs: 'What do they expect us to do?' As if *we* were the lawyers. But the department of highways has permitted contractors to put cement water and muddy drainage and surplus earth into the rivers, and bulldoze the beds to make temporary highways out of them for their machinery.

"The department of highways itself started what is now the worst of the dumps, the one at Elk Brook Run, by dumping a great tonnage of earth removed from Route 17 after landslides. The public immediately started dumping there also and so did whoever removes the deer carcasses from the highway. In response to our appeals, the department of highways investigated —and put up signs."

No other river holds the devotion and loyalty of its frequenters that the Beaverkill receives from those who fish it. One of them, Richard D. Robbins, is still remembered for having, in the long ago, forsaken Wall Street and the world to live and fish along the Beaverkill and lie at last in an unmarked grave, situated where he asked that it should be—in the little cemetery overlooking the Junction Pool, "so I can look up the Willowemoc, down the Big Beaverkill and across to the Little River [the upper Beaverkill]."

It was the outraged protests of the devoted Beaverkill fishermen that saved the Beaverkill and Willowemoc from the damming and diversion into New York City's water mains that has stricken every other major Catskill river. And a few years ago, this spirit of devotion and fellowship inspired a handful of Beaverkill anglers led by Ray Church and John Trainor of New York and Frank Foster of Wyoming, Pa. to start an annual angler's reunion in midwinter at Roscoe, N.Y., where the rivers join. Since then, men have come from as far as Texas, Colorado and the Carolinas to be together and near their river, and on the last weekend in January, 80 of the faithful (including a dozen wives) met in the Antrim Lodge, focal point for Beaverkill fishermen, to hold the 1956 reunion.

One of the things the pilgrims did was to take a wreath to the grave of Pop Robbins. "Pop fished even when he was so crippled with arthritis that he couldn't tie on a fly and had to wait for a passing fisherman to help him," one of the pilgrims said. "He loved the river." That was it; he loved the river.

Frank Foster recited An Angler's Prayer, which begins: "God grant that I may live to fish until my dying day. . . ." and the pilgrims started a fund, right there beside the grave, to mark it with a headstone inscribed with that prayer. Then they stood looking "up the Willowemoc, down the Big Beaverkill and across to the Little River," and one man muttered bitterly:

"I'm glad Pop isn't alive now to see the condition of the waters that he loved. It would break his heart."

It will break many others, soon summer. END

For the 10th straight year at famous Westminster Dog Show

DOGS FED ON KEN-L-RATION AGAIN WIN TOP HONORS

BEST IN SHOW
TOY POODLE—CH. WILBER WHITE SWAN
Owner Bertha Smith, Bethpage, L I, N Y
Agent Anne Hone Rogers

SPORTING GROUP WINNER
ENGLISH SETTER
CH ROCK FALLS COLONEL
Owners Mr and Mrs Wm T Holt
Richmond, Va

WORKING GROUP WINNER
BOXER
CH BAROQUE OF QUALITY HILL
Owners Mr and Mrs John P Wagner
Chicago, Ill
Agent Phil Marsh

HOUND GROUP WINNER
BLOODHOUND
CH FANCY BOMBARDIER
Owners Mr. and Mrs. T. Sheahan
Torrington, Conn.

NON SPORTING GROUP WINNER
STANDARD POODLE
CH ALFONCO von der GOLDENEN KETTE
Owners Pennywarth Kennels and Clairedale Kennels
Hampton Bays, L I, N. Y.
Agent: Robert Forsyth

26 OZ.—16 OZ.
TWO CONVENIENT
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Take a tip from experts! Feed your dog Ken-L-Ration, too!

Madison Square Garden Feb. 13 & 14 once again at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, dogs fed on Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Biskit and Ken-L-Meal (pictured at top) carried off more top honors than dogs fed on any other brands of dog food! Year after year, the nation's leading breeders and trainers continue to choose Ken-L-Ration dog foods for the successful feeding of champions.

Here's why Ken-L-Ration wins the vote of experts: every can of Ken-L-Ration is packed with *lean red meat* —choice cuts of U.S. Government inspected horse meat. And *lean red meat* is just the kind of food nature intended dogs to thrive on—no hard-to-digest fats, all the vigor of high quality protein. In addition, Ken-L-Ration contains all the health vitamins and minerals dogs are known to need.

And thanks to the famous *lean red meat* formula, your dog will find that Ken-L-Ration "sniffs" right . . . tastes wonderful. Whether your dog is a champion or just a lovable pet . . . he'll love Ken-L-Ration. And he'll thrive on it. Do as the experts do – start feeding Ken-L-Ration today.

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KEN-L-BISKIT... Smells meaty. Tastes meaty. Rich meat meal baked into a dry dog food. Crunchy nuggets furnish complete nourishment.

ELEGANT SETTER

IN RING'S CENTER THE JUDGE LINES UP THE SHOW'S TOP TERRIERS FOR

MATCHED MALTESE

BORED BASSET, 2-year-old Ch. Seven Acres Bloom Lazy Bones *(center)*, won best-of-breed award for his owner, Chris G. Treter.

A SIX-POUND POODLE

Of some 2,500 entries, Wilber White Swan was one of the

A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL assortment of dogs makes up an all-breed dog show. Some are new and almost unknown, like the Rhodesian ridgeback; others, such as the beagle and the collie, are familiar companions in any suburban neighborhood. But the versatile poodle, acceptable in the show ring in several solid colors and available in three handy sizes—toy, miniature and standard—was both the most and the best last week at the Westminster Kennel Club's 80th Annual Dog Show at Madison Square Garden in New York. The tri-sized poodles had 192 representatives present and from their ranks emerged the dog of utmost quality, a white toy named Wilber White Swan.

A member of the toy group had never before captured a best-in-show at the Westminster. Wilber White Swan's precedent-setting victory was sweetened by the fact that the toy poodle has been recognized as a breed by the American Kennel Club only since 1942. His larger relatives had already attained the honor, a standard poodle having been picked in 1935 and a miniature in 1943. Seemingly a newcomer, the toy poodle actually has been a European favorite for centuries, and now in this country the bred-down

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

FINAL INSPECTION SEALYHAM CAPTURED AWARD FOR SECOND TIME

ARISTOCRATIC AFGHANS are posed during judging. Breed winner Crown Crest Rubi was later defeated by a bloodhound.

WISTFUL DACHSHUNDS are cuddled by Monica Rumpf after team, was second and eliminated from further competition.

WINS AT WESTMINSTER

smallest but he proved to be the best **by ALICE HIGGINS**

dog is enjoying a wave of popularity, along with his still-unrecognized particolored cousins (SI, Sept. 6, '54).

For the winner and for the 2,559 other dogs entered in the show (108 breeds), the Westminster was, as always, a hectic and tension-filled 48 hours. During the breed eliminations casual crowds ebbed and flowed around the 12 rings; some dogs left panic puddles on the Garden floor; and a distraught woman, a leash in her hand, rushed to the edge of one ring only to discover her dog no longer attached.

To sort, eliminate and finally select the best-of-breeds and, ultimately, the best-in-show, 45 judges deliberated during more than 25 hours. As the choices narrowed, experience as well as quality began to tell: of the six finalists for best-in-show, five were veteran campaigners which had been considered good bets before Westminster opened (SI, Feb. 13).

For the 20,000 who attended the show this was a notable and well managed spectacle; for the 200,000-odd who saw it on TV it was slightly less, thanks to the frantic insertion of commercials at critical moments. Even the commercials, however, could not quite spoil the grand climax in which the

continued on next page

1956 WINNER CH. WILBER WHITE SWAN SNUGGLES HIS SIX POUNDS INTO BEST-IN-SHOW BOWL IN ARMS OF HANDLER ANNE HONE ROGERS

THE WESTMINSTER

(Continued from page 35)

six superb finalists circled the floor at various speeds, inviting the scrutiny and approval of Judge Paul Palmer. The Bloodhound, Ch. Fancy Bombardier, lumbered magnificently beside his owner-handler, Tom Sheahan; the English setter, Ch. Rock Falls Colonel, moved with the floating grace and assurance of a dog which has brought Owner William T. Holt "best" awards in 100 shows; Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner's boxer, Ch. Baroque of Quality Hill, the only bitch in the final competition, strode assertively beside Handler Phil Marsh; Pennyworth and Clairdale Kennels' white imported standard poodle, Ch. Alfonco von der Goldenen Kette, pranced proudly next to Robert Forsyth; Mrs. Robert Choate's Sealyham terrier, Ch. Robin Hill Brigade, marched beside Handler Joseph Thompson; and Mrs. Bertha Smith's white toy poodle trotted gaily along with Handler Anne Hone Rogers. By the time each dog had been studied both at parade and pose, a genuinely electric air of excitement had been generated. As Judge Palmer, a tall man, completed his final inspection, a ringsider guessed, "A big man like that probably can't stand small dogs."

But Palmer walked to the table, signed the book and returned with the rosette for the toy.

Ch. Wilber White Swan, who is known as "Peanuts" at home in Bethpage, posing proudly at the moment of presentation, suddenly dove to the floor in panic as Anne Hone Rogers shrieked her delight. Both regained their poise in time to accept the customary homage. This continued for some time, but finally the last flashbulb popped and, tired but triumphant, Anne Hone Rogers left the floor carrying six pounds of Peanuts in a large silver bowl. END

1955 WINNER. Ch. Kappax Fearnaught, a 65-pound bulldog, loomed over his best-in-show bowl. Owner, J. A. Saylor of Long Beach, Calif., has retired him from shows.

OTHER RESULTS AT WESTMINSTER

BEST-TEAM-IN-SHOW

Maltese Ch. Isolda of Villa Malta, Ch. Ricco of Villa Malta, Rudi of Villa Malta and Bora of Villa Malta, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Vincenzo Calvaresi.

BEST-BRACE-IN-SHOW

Keeshonden Ch. Dirdon's Helder Zwier, C.D. and Ch. Dirdon's Wonder Wander Hocage, owned by Marye E. Picone.

TOY GROUP

1st: toy poodle Ch. Wilber White Swan, owned by Mrs. Bertha Smith. 2nd: Yorkshire terrier Ch. Star Twilight of Clu-Mor, owned by Mrs. Leslie Gordon Jr. and Miss Janet Bennett. 3rd: Pekingese Caversham Ko Ko of Shanruss, owned by the Seafren Kennels. 4th: Maltese Ch. Brittigan's Dark Eyes, owned by Anne and Stewart Pendleton. Best Brace: Pugs Pugholms Little Jack Horner and Pugholms Little Miss Muffet—Frederic and Elizabeth Soderberg. Best Team: Maltese Ch. Isolda of Villa Malta, Ch. Ricco of Villa Malta, Rudi of Villa Malta, and Bora of Villa Malta—Dr. and Mrs. Vincenzo Calvaresi.

NONSPORTING GROUP

1st: standard poodle Ch. Alfonco von der Goldenen Kette, owned by Pennyworth and Clairedale Kennels. 2nd: French bulldog Ch. Bouquet Nouvelle Ami, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. West. 3rd: Dalmation Ch. Roadcoach Roadster, owned by Mrs. S. K. Allman Jr. 4th: chowchow Ch. Wupei Nagyur-Tut, owned by Ledgeland's Kennels.

HOUND GROUP

1st: bloodhound Ch. Fancy Bombardier, owned by Tom and Pearl Sheahan. 2nd: Afghan Crown Crest Rubi, owned by Ruth Tongren. 3rd: 15-inch beagle Ch. Kinsman Jimmy Valentine, owned by Lee S. Wade. 4th: basset Ch. Siefenjagenheim Lazy Bones, owned by Chris G. Teeter.

WORKING GROUP

1st: boxer Ch. Baroque of Quality Hill, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wagner. 2nd: rough collie Ch. Jorie's Mr. G, owned by Jorie Kennels. 3rd: Doberman pinscher Ch. Harding's Faust, owned by Patricia and Clair Stille. 4th: Pembroke Welsh corgi Ch. Lee's Symphony, owned by estate of Mrs. J. Donald Duncan.

TERRIER GROUP

1st: Sealyham terrier Ch. Robin Hill Brigade, owned by Mrs. Robert B. Choate. 2nd: Airedale Ch. Aireline Star Monarch, owned by Charles W. March. 3rd: miniature schnauzer Ch. Benrook Randy, owned by Maryann Vann. 4th: Scottish terrier Ch. Rebel Invader, owned by Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Carter.

SPORTING GROUP

1st: English setter Ch. Rock Falls Colonel, owned by William T. Holt. 2nd: ASCOB cocker spaniel Ch. Eufaula's Dividend, owned by C. E. Dimon. 3rd: golden retriever Ch. Golden Knoll's Copper Prince, owned by Mary Ellen Hogewoning. 4th: English cocker spaniel Ch. Elblac's Rugie of Hastern, owned by Muriel Quigley.

TYROLEAN SPORTS BRUSH SHOOTING BADGE

SPORTING LOOK

UNDER COVER

The fashions in dogs were not the only news at the Westminster. A surprising number of male bipeds with doggy connections managed to look pretty doggy themselves in various choices of head coverings

FIELD-TRIAL BADGES CIRCLE VELOURS HAT

HOUNDSTOOTH TWEED CAP MATCHES JACKET

TWO TWEEDS ONE FELT CAP HAVE POPULAR NARROW, FORWARD-JUTTING BRITISH SHAPE

BASSET TRAINER'S CAP IS CHECKED TWEED

BRIARD MAN SHOWS IN ENGLISH FELT CAP

The women's pro golf circuit, with the Babe away, is currently being carried very well by

THE BIG THREE

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THESE winter months, while the pro caravan is transcribing its customary dusty arc across the southern states east to Florida, that ambulant sorority house, the Ladies PGA, is as usual plying its own cold-weather circuit. Life on the LPGA tour requires a few less suitcases, Val-A-Paks, and free-lance clothes hangers than the men's tour does, for the girls pursue a fairly compact itinerary: Sea Island, Tampa, Havana, Miami Beach, St. Pete, Sarasota, Jacksonville and finally their equivalent of the Masters, the Titleholders at the Augusta Country Club in early March. These tournaments, for the most part, are orthodox strokes-play events but occasionally the format undergoes mild variations. For example, at the Havana Biltmore Yacht and Country Club, where the sorority was encamped for a spell early in February, on the last two rounds each of the girls went out in a foursome that was made up of three club members partnered with her in a best-ball event, the members using their respective handicaps and the lady pros playing at scratch. (One of these days someone will coin the perfect word for a lady or woman professional golfer but it certainly is not *prowoman*, the current stand-in for the right word.

JAMESON

A playing arrangement like the one that obtained at Havana puts more of a burden on the key player, the pro, than may appear at first glance. Patty Berg, for example, drew as her partners: 1) a dashing young air force major who serves as President Batista's personal pilot; 2) a delicate middle-aged señora who wore a colossal vizor that shielded her entire face from the sun—a bronzed complexion is less highly prized in Cuban society than in ours; and 3) a peppy, sociable little fellow who was in the throes of that international virus, the slice. The slicer paused occasionally to scatter a few local imprecations among his divots, but he kept a nice golfing pace and was probably no bother at all. The delicate señora, however, played at a tempo that even Cary Middlecoff would have found disturbingly slow. She traveled the course in an autocart and is the only person I have yet seen who could invest the act of stepping out of a cart and up to the ball with the same ceremonial air that members of the British royal family have when they disembark from a town car on an inspection tour of an orphanage. The dashing major, on the other hand, was all for getting on with the game with no delays whatsoever, particularly so on Saturday morning when his concentration was split between his golf and the worrisome knowledge that he was expected at the airport at noon to chauffeur the President on a short air trip. On the 11th hole he hit a whale of a slice off the tee and took off after it at a great speed. That was the last that was seen of him that day. The following morning he explained that he had gone directly from that slice to the airport. He had changed from his golf clothes into his uniform in his car, and hadn't kept the President waiting long at all. For all these distractions, Patty kept hitting her shots and getting her figures and then, needing only a par on the final or 54th hole to tie for the top with Louise Suggs, had to go and hook her wood to the green out-of-bounds.

This season about 25 players are making the women's winter tour, ranging from Patty Berg, the veteran of the veterans, to Diane Garrett, a slip of a girl from Houston who is such a cutie pie you are inclined at first not to take her seriously as a golfer but who, you soon appreciate, is actually quite an accomplished player. The girls devote the same long, wearying hours to their business that the men do. The Havana Biltmore, for example, offered every opportunity for escaping from work—it is a really wonderful *country* club which provides its 1,800 members with ocean swimming, a sandy beach, a yacht basin, a swimming pool, a riding stable, tennis courts, a softball field, a baseball field, a basketball court, bowling alleys and a darn good golf course in addition to a stimulating clubhouse. Yet, with very few exceptions, the girls were out on the practice fairway before and after each day's round rather stoically accepting the inescapable fact of golf life that continual practice never makes perfect but without it you cannot hope to stand up in stiff competition.

BERG

There is an interesting difference in the ways the men pros and the women pros practice. The women spend less time, comparatively, working on their full shots with the irons and woods, about the same amount of time as the men do on their putting, and a lot more time on their chip shots. They have absolutely astounding short games, and they must in order to score, for women's circuit golf is essentially a different proposition from men's. On most of the circuit layouts the men visit,

just about the only times a player needs a fairway wood is on the par 5s. On the high percentage of the par 4s, a seven-iron or even a higher club is all he requires to get home after powdering his drive. At Havana, where the course admittedly played longer than most of those the girls visit but where overall conditions were generally typical, a relatively long hitter like Louise Suggs could play a five-iron or less for her second shot on only two of the 10 par 4s. A long iron or a spoon or a brassie was necessary on the rest of the 4s, and sometimes when the wind was blowing against her, two good woods still left Louise yards short of the green. To pull out your par under such conditions, you have to be able to get that ump to within reasonable holing distance, and the girls do it time after time. That is one of the great treats of watching them. Another is the beautiful slow rhythm which sets up their club head power. A few of them—Fay Crocker, Mickey Wright, Betsy Rawls and Beverly Hanson come first to mind—have strong wrists and hands and can power the ball almost the way a man does, but sheer "hands golf" is beyond the capacity of even the most sturdy females. They must swing the club head, extract the full vinegar from a correct body turn, and integrate the action of their body and hands with precise timing. Patty Berg, Betty Jameson, and Louise Suggs, the best of the lady pros, possess three of the finest swings golf has known, and to follow them for a stretch of holes as they produce one beautifully struck shot after another is to get very close to the heart of the game.

For the past decade or so, Patty, Betty and Louise along with Babe Didrikson have made up what was known as the Big Four of women's professional golf. The Babe, to be sure, was the tour's primary attraction, what with her flair for showmanship and her zest for competition gilding her big and frequently brilliant game. The tour is certainly not the same without the Babe, but Berg, Jameson and Suggs have taken up the slack and are carrying it very well. Their styles are quite dissimilar. Louise, who is considerably the youngest of the three—she won her National Amateur title in '47, Patty hers in '38, and Betsy her two in '39 and '40—has what might be termed an exceedingly modern technique. A trim, athletic girl, she takes a generous cut at the ball on her full shots and develops her club-head speed in much the same area as the men pros do. The shot that Louise plays best—she not only plays it better than any of the other girls but better than most of the men—is the short approach with the six-, seven-, and eight-irons. Not too long ago she and Toney Penna, teamed up in a selected-drive Scotch foursome, went around a medium-length course in 64. They took Toney's tee shot on just about every hole, and then, with that nice, crisp, uncomplicated style of hers, Louise would smack the approach five feet or so from the pin. That simplifies life. She is a very good player to watch if you happen to be in a slump yourself, for Louise has the knack of reducing the hitting of firm golf shots to their basic essentials. All you have to do is cock your chin as you figure out your line, then get the feel of your club head in your hands while you size up the distance, place the head of the

SUGGS

club soberly in front of the ball for a second or two as you square up to the shot, and move into your swing all in one piece. *Whack!* Why, it's an easy game.

Betty Jameson is far and away the sorority's most knowledgeable technician, an honest-to-goodness scholar who can weave her way through theory with the likes of Armour. Not unlike Tommy, who is one of her best friends in golf, she has the uncommon gift of not letting her erudition throw her and of being able to determine with clarity what slight departures from orthodoxy work best for her own particular talents. A mild and quiet person, her love of golf lights her up whenever she plays or talks it, and she could easily become one of the game's few significant

continued on page 50

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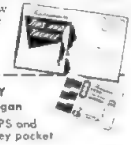

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Peter Alport, President
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BIG THREE

continued from page 39

teachers. Betty has groomed her swing sedulously for years, and it shows it. She is extremely deliberate about finding a solid stance—which amounts to an eccentricity for her since the rest of her style is so polished: a truly impressive grip, a backswing a little on the upright side where all you are conscious of is how perfectly the left hand does what the left hand is supposed to do, and, as she moves into the ball, an acceleration which keeps building so smoothly that it is hardly perceptible. Offhand, with the one possible exception of Hogan's golf at the Masters in 1953, I cannot remember watching as straight a player as Betty Jameson. On her opening round at Havana—she missed a three-footer on the home green which would have given her 18 straight pars—I followed her on about eight holes and at no time was she more than 10 yards off the dead center of the fairway.

It hardly seems possible but two decades have whistled by since the third member of the triumvirate, Patty Berg, first came into prominence—back in 1935, to be specific, when the warm and gracious redhead from Minneapolis, then a full 17 years old, made her way to the final in the National Women's Amateur against Glenna Collett Vare. Patty has proved to be nothing less than one of the great golfers of all time, men included. It isn't just her durability or her overall record or her figures on any one round. It is how she plays, and you must watch her make her way around a course for at least nine holes before you can begin to appreciate her wonderful gift for hitting golf shots. She can handle a club in her fingers like no one since Hagen. Her mannerisms at address and as she rocks into delivering the shot are highly reminiscent of Sarazen. Like these champions of an earlier era, as distinct from the leaders today who are first and foremost masters of precision, she is the intuitive shot-maker who expresses her full personality as she plays each shot to fit its different requirements—buzzing a low approach into the wind when it is blowing against her, floating a short approach into a banking wind, girding herself on another hole for an extra-long drive (when it will take her two big clouts to get home) and getting that added 10 yards without sacrificing her accuracy, punching a long iron to roll onto the green over a stubbly apron when a wood would not have held the hard, flat green, and so on with infinite instinctive variety.

There is a very human quality to Patty's manner. To cite one example at random, on the short 16th at Havana, her chip from the apron ran out of gas eight feet short of the hole. The mediocrity of the shot might have been due in some measure to the noise coming from a dirt road that intersected the course just before the green and that was being traveled at that moment by a man on muleback transporting a large bale, a carpenter on a bicycle with an armful of boards that were banging against his vehicle, and two young girls clattering along with their father's lunch pails. The tintinnabulation continued as Patty assembled herself for the putt. She managed to roll it in. Now, if you are a star golfer, custom prescribes that you must admit to impenetrable concentrative powers, in the tradition honestly established by Joyce Wethered at St. Andrews who holed a crucial putt just as a train rattled by the 17th green and, when later asked if the train had bothered her, asked, "What train?" When Patty's putt rolled in and the major, the slicer and the fragile señora chorused "*Bueno!*," Patty smiled her thanks and then turned to study the traffic on the road. "Boy," she said, blowing her breath out, "all they need is a marimba player and they could open at the Tropicana tomorrow." END

ANNIVERSARY

Six years ago this week aging Boy Wonder Willie Hoppe, sport's longest-reigning champion, kept his world's three-cushion billiard title in a playoff against Mexico's Joe Chamaco in Chicago. Until his official retirement two years later, in 1952, Hoppe held one or more major billiard titles for each year, beginning with his first championship in 1906 at the age of 18. Now 68, the grand old man of billiards came out of retirement this week to challenge Otto Reiselt in a three-day exhibition in Philadelphia.

TIP FROM THE TOP

For golfers of all degrees of skill

from **BYRON NELSON,** *Fairway Ranch, Roanoke, Texas*

The average golfer is subject to three fundamental faults when he takes the club back: 1) picking the club up too quickly with his hands rather than swinging the club back along the line; 2) pulling the club up too close to the body; 3) starting the body action before the hands and the golf club start to move—which pulls the body out of line and forces the golfer into an unbalanced chopping action.

When I first began playing, I brought the club back too close on the backswing, and this caused me to hook and shank. To overcome this fault, I drew a mental line straight back from the ball and also in front of the ball to reinforce my awareness of the line of flight, the line I intended the ball to travel. Then I worked on drawing the club back along that line. Today my habit is to pick an object in the foreground which is situated on the line of flight a tree or a bunker or a house. Then I take the club back straight from that object and the ball. To check my backswing in practice, I stick a tee about 6 or 8 inches behind the ball on the line of the intended flight, and when I draw the club back I can check to see if the club hits the tee squarely or if it tips or shanks it.

Incorrect: club pulled up too close to the body

Correct: club is taken back on straight line from the ball, with the hands, the club and the body moving cohesively

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NASHUA WAS 'CRYING

1955's champion proves he is ready to renew the feud with Swaps, and Social Outcast wants in

IN RACING HISTORY the 19th running of the Widener Handicap last Saturday will be known as Nashua's Widener—not merely because Nashua won it, but for the circumstances surrounding his victory, which was gained amidst drama of an intensity seldom seen in any field of sport.

First there was the buildup. Then there was the race. For weeks before his date in the mile-and-a-quarter Widener, Nashua's presence at Hialeah had an electrifying effect. For there, available to be seen and studied by anyone who could get himself to Stall 45, Barn A, was the most publicized horse of our time, a silent handsome animal unaware that he would never again carry the red and white polka-dotted silks of the late William Woodward Jr.'s Belair Stud, and that now he belonged not to one man but to a syndicate of seven men who had bought him for the record price of $1,251,200. Their decision to continue racing him must have pleased Nashua, for the big bay, from the day he stepped off the train from Kentucky in late December, has been "crying to run." When he stepped onto the track in the mornings his exercise boy had trouble holding him. His trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, worked him steadily and worked him hard. In fact, just four days before the Widener (and after an off-track at Hialeah had forced the cancellation of a scheduled prep race), Mr. Fitz vanned his powerful colt to nearby Tropical Park and turned him loose at the Widener's mile-and-a-quarter distance. All he did was shatter three track records and tie a fourth —a feat which quickly prompted his critics to cry, "Nashua left his race at Tropical. They worked him too fast." But old Mr. Fitz, bent a little more than he was last year and growing more philosophical with each passing day, had a ready answer for them. "I don't care how fast they go if they're ready to go. Nashua's ready to go, ready to work."

Into Miami all week poured hundreds of transients intent on seeing whether Nashua was ready to furnish his new owners with seven beaming smiles or seven cases of nervous regret. The job ahead was tremendous: to

TO RUN'

by WHITNEY TOWER

OFFICIAL PHOTO [illegible] four horse finish [illegible] Sailor, Nashua and Social Outcast, with Jockey Eddie Arcaro narrowly edging Nashua into millionaire class.

come off a four-month layoff and go a mile and a quarter under 127 pounds one pound more than he had ever carried before while giving away from six to 22 pounds to eight rivals.

Some were not ordinary rivals, either. There was Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, already seventh among the world's leading money winners and a seasoned campaigner who had already raced twice this season. To this 6-year-old, Nashua, at the high weight of 127, would have to give six pounds. There too was Sailor, who had covered a mile and a quarter at Santa Anita three weeks before, and to whom Nashua would be giving eight pounds. The rest of the field didn't look too frightening, although as Nashua's rider, Eddie Arcaro, put it when he hopped off a plane from California the day before the race, "One of them lightweights are apt to knock you off any time."

Among the most interested arrivals were the members of the Nashua syndicate. Only four of the seven made it—John W. Hanes, Christopher J. Devine, Walter J. Salmon and the group's front man, Leslie Combs II (absentees: Peter A. B. Widener III, Harry M. Warner and Robert W. McIlvain). And, as was to be expected, Combs was the most nervous of the lot. Said Devine with a chuckle: "No, I'm not nervous. None of us are except Leslie. He got us into this, so we'll let him do the worrying."

The fans turned out on Widener day as never before. More than 42,000 in all—some 5,000 more than had ever seen a race in Florida before. And this was no ordinary race crowd. Thousands had never in their lives come to a race track. They came this day as fans of one horse. An hour before saddling time a throng of 3,000 surrounded the paddock and not one moved—either to bet, to drink or to escape the sun. These were Nashua's real fans.

It was in the saddling shed that Arcaro renewed his acquaintanceship with Nashua for the first time since last October 15, when the two combined their talents to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park. He gave the colt a quick once-over, then turned to his trainer. "He sure looks set, Mr. Fitz." Sunny Jim smiled and, for the second time of the afternoon, went over the strategy he had mapped out. "I figure those speed horses, Find and Sea O Erin, will set the pace, but I don't want you to go off chasing any of them. Ride your own race and take advantage of the breaks."

Mr. Fitz twisted his head slowly to get a good look at Arcaro walking Nashua slowly around the paddock. As his eyes caught the sight of Leslie Combs's new orange and blue silks atop a horse he calls the greatest he has ever trained, the old man may have been thinking of the past and of what he had said the day before while in a reminiscent mood. Looking, as he was then, in the direction of the tack room where a set of Belair silks lay in permanent retirement, he had said in a very quiet voice, "I was 31 years with those colors and it's going to be different, it can't help but be different. I don't even know who half the new owners are."

Sunny Jim had one more job to do before taking his seat in the stands. It went unnoticed, which is the way he intended it. Walking back to the far end of the saddling shed he shook hands and sat down for a moment with a tall, beautiful woman. It was a moment of happy privacy with an old and good friend, Mrs. John Pratt, one of the late Bill Woodward's four sisters.

The race, which had threatened to be anticlimactic after the steam-rolling buildup, was a nerve-shattering thriller all the way. Arcaro, following orders perfectly, let Find make the pace, but Nashua, as rank as he had been in his morning works, was crying to run, all right, and Eddie had trouble keeping him from going on the lead down the backstretch. Turning for home it was still Find in front by a head or so over

(continued on next page)

A GREAT RACING YEAR, WITH THE BEST STILL AHEAD

Nashua's dramatic return to the races last Saturday drew the biggest racing crowd in Florida history. In California the impressive victory of Swaps starting for the first time in half a year had California racing [illegible] Meadow Vale, the horse that all but caught Nashua at the wire Saturday. Arron G. Vanderbilt's Sorry Outcast, is being flown to California to test Swaps on Saturday. And before March is out, Swaps and Nashua could well be running against each other in another dazzler in Florida.

These are only a few of the spectacular past and in prospect of what promises to be racing's biggest winter. So far, the figures speak for themselves. Tropical Park: attendance and pari-mutuel betting up 8% and 13% over last year. Hialeah: similar attendance and betting up 2% and 5%. Santa Anita: up 5% and 4%. And with the biggest events still to come.

NASHUA'S VICTORY

continued from page 43

Nashua and Sailor. And there, on the outside, really flying, was Social Outcast. The four of them roared down to the wire together, heads bobbing, whips thrashing, while 42,000 screaming voices let go. When Nashua's number flashed on the board the yells were almost as loud. His syndicate shook hands all around and Leslie Combs mopped his brow for the 100th time.

Nashua had, in the space of two minutes and two seconds, become the second horse in history to earn a million dollars. His winning purse this time: $92,600, putting him just $47,715 or one good stakes victory away from Citation's world record of $1,085,760.

What of Nashua's racing future? "Well," said Leslie Combs, "there's nothing definite yet, but if Swaps comes to Florida [for the Gulfstream Park Handicap on March 17] we will stay. We would like to entertain him."

"Anything's O.K. with me," said Arcaro, back in the jockey's room, as he munched on a birthday cake (he was 40 on Sunday), "but, whew, I don't want to draw 'em any closer than that." He scratched his head and then laughed. "I guess I got me

AND OUT IN CALIFORNIA . . . by JAMES MURRAY

IT WAS, by all odds, the most exciting one minute and 43 seconds of the Santa Anita meet. Out on the track the four horses in the lead slammed into the stretch turn, a blur of gelatinous color. High in the crammed press box, the writers, looking—except for the trembling binoculars—rather like a congress of medical students at a surgery, watched tensely.

Then the roar went up: "Here he comes!" And out of the pack shot the big red horse, ears pricking, legs flashing. Seconds later the great California-bred Swaps had streaked across the finish line, head and ears erect, and Jockey Willie Shoemaker eased up in the irons—a clear winner by a length and three-quarters in the mile and a-sixteenth handicap.

In the press box Californians were overjoyed. "IT'S SWAPS OF OLD" headlined the *Los Angeles Examiner* that night. Hy Schneider, cowboy-hatted septuagenarian veteran of a lifetime of stretch drives, tapped a companion sternly on the chest: "Did you see that? Make a note of that. He came down the stretch with his ears pricking, looking for horses. That's the sign of a great horse."

Over in a corner, unnoticed, an eastern writer sighed, stuffed his binoculars in his case. "Here we go again," he observed cynically.

And here went Californians again. For the plain truth is that Swaps is more than a race horse on the West Coast. He has become a standard bearer, the steed who was to enable Pacific horsemen to ride out of the miasma of a 20-year inferiority complex in matters of horse breeding. When he beat Nashua in the 1955 Kentucky Derby, it was thought the day was at hand. When he lost the subsequent match race by a humiliating 6½ lengths, the inferiority complex was only deepened.

Owner Rex Ellsworth and Trainer Tenney were smiling broadly in the press box afterwards. The talk of

WITH EARS PRICKED FORWARD SWAPS FINISHES AN EASY WINNER OVER BOBBY BROCATO

ENTER THE OUTCAST

RETURNING to his Miami quarters after the running of the Widener, Trainer Bill Winfrey received a phone call from Sydney, Australia. On the other end of the line was his boss, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who was abroad on a mission for the World Veterans Fund, of which he is president.

"Well, how did we do?" Vanderbilt shouted through the phone. The question was obviously about his great 6-year-old gelding, Social Outcast.

"We almost did it, but Nashua beat us a head at the wire," Winfrey yelled back.

"It's tough luck we didn't win," shouted the absent boss. "When do you leave for California?"

"We should be in the air by 5 o'clock Monday morning," Winfrey said.

"Well, good luck out there," Vanderbilt concluded. "I'll phone you Saturday in California from Bangkok."

The object of all this transworld communication is a big, handsome chestnut with a white star on his forehead. His name is the personal creation of Vanderbilt, derived from his sire and dam—Shut Out and Pansy.

For Swaps & Co. out in California, Vanderbilt's decision was due warning. The horse that all but spoiled the Widener for Nashua is on his way to measure Swaps at Santa Anita.

In horse racing Social Outcast has played the role of the chronic bridesmaid ever since he was a 2-year-old. That year he won five out of 10 starts, but his only stakes victory resulted from the disqualification of Jamie K in the Remson. As a 3-year-old he had to play second fiddle to his stablemate, Native Dancer, with only one second and one third in nine starts, but he was blistered in mid-season for a knee injury. He was also gelded as a protection against his becoming too gross.

Social Outcast began to come into his own in 1954. During a workout with Native Dancer in Saratoga one August morning, he was as usual sent out ahead to give the big gray something to run at, but this time he stayed ahead all the way. Before the year was out he had won five of 12 starts and $192,675. Last year he won another $390,775, with eight victories, and this

a few more gray hairs this afternoon."

A few hundred yards away the real hero of the day was playing his role to the hilt. A crowd of more than 100 had followed him back to Barn A, and there, in the peace and quiet beneath the tall Australian pines, Nashua had been allowed by Mr. Fitz to take an extra-long walk. As he did, his admirers applauded him and cameras snapped. The hero loved every minute of it. (END)

Nashua, of course, was everywhere. "Are you going to ship to Florida after Santa Anita?" Ellsworth was asked.

The cowboy owner was cautious. "We might," he acknowledged. "But if we do, it would be more to help our 3-year-olds come up to the Kentucky Derby than anything else."

"But you will take Swaps along?" persisted his questioner.

Ellsworth grinned in spite of himself. "I suppose we'll have to," he allowed.

Tenney was hard put to veer the conversation back to this Saturday's Santa Anita Handicap, where Swaps may have Social Outcast running at him in the stretch. "We've got next Saturday to think about, we're not looking for tough horses," he protested.

"But will your horse be fit in Florida, assuming he wasn't altogether today?" he was challenged.

"Oh, yes," conceded Tenney, "I've always told the press there's nothing wrong with the horse except he needs racing. He'll be plenty fit in Florida." (END)

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year he has run second three times.

"Old Sosh," as Social Outcast is known in the racing trade, has now earned $658,300, including the $20,000 he picked up in the Widener, making him the seventh biggest money winner of all time.

If Social Outcast is known around the circuit as a horse of great courage, he is equally well known as a steady traveler. Last year alone he covered over 12,000 miles, coast to coast, to compete at 15 different tracks in eight states. He loves plane travel, and there is a joke around the tracks that if you don't find Social Outcast's name in the entries for a Saturday stake, the chances are that Winfrey has taken him for a flying joy ride. (END)

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"CHRISTINA," once a Canadian destroyer escort, was refitted with superstructure of aluminum built onto original hull. Twin-engine amphibious plane rests on afterdeck.

Old Goldensides

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DMITRI KESSEL

ONASSIS takes it easy on pool deck of his floating villa.

WHEN it comes to judging the richest man of our time, there are no published figures by which to measure him. There is the Aga Khan's weight in diamonds, the Gulbenkian legend, an oil baron's gushers. And there is Aristoteles Socrates Onassis' yacht. More than his reputed $300 million, his million tons of tankers and freighters, his whaling fleet, his casino at Monte Carlo, the yacht *Christina* speaks of the Onassis fortune. This modern Midas, his wife and two children live on this splendid vessel, a 322-foot, 1,800-ton converted destroyer escort, staffed by a crew of 48. She carries every modern navigational gadget and is so mechanically perfect that the captain's greatest challenge is to push the correct button. Her twin Vickers-Armstrong reciprocating engines produce a horsepower of 5,700, a speed of 20 knots. When this is not sufficient for Onassis, there is on board a motorboat that will do 60 mph, an amphibious plane that will do 200. But her real distinction is her interior: as the pictures on the following pages show, she is beyond doubt the most lavishly fitted vessel of her size that ever rode the ocean wave.

ATHENA ONASSIS, the yacht owner's 26-year-old blonde wife, takes the sun on stern of the *Christina*.

SWIMMING POOL'S bottom of mosaic tile can be raised to form a dance floor or deck for alfresco lunch.

ONASSIS CHILDREN, Christina, 7, and Alexander, 8, have supper with their governess, Kathleen Lehane, in Benedmans-decorated dining room.

VERTES MURALS, gifts of the artist, decorate the yacht's formal blue and crimson dining room. They represent the

GAME ROOM, part of the master suite on upper deck, is paneled in teak. It has a working fireplace and is furnished with Chinese bric-a-brac from the Onassises' collection. The rooms and the pool are electrically heated.

EL GRECO MADONNA, over desk in game room,

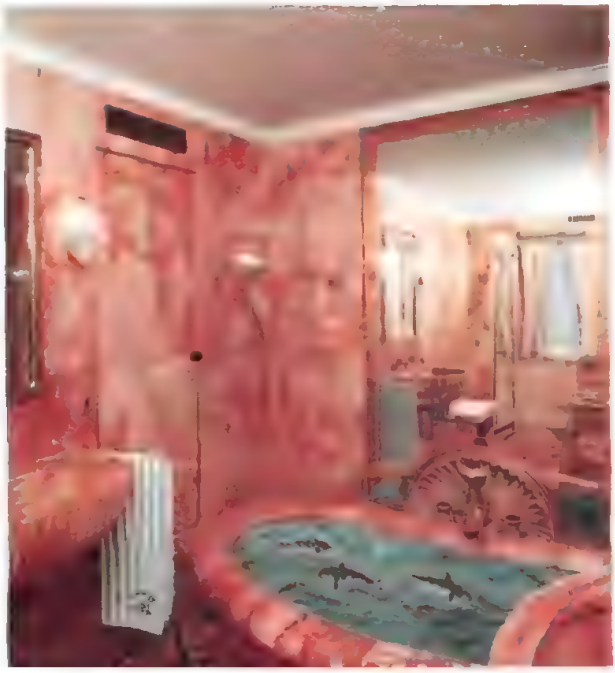
four seasons, with Mrs. Onassis, as Winter, skating in the panel at left, the children, as Spring, in the one at right.

WELL-STOCKED BAR, paneled in oak, has stool tops of whale leather, footrests and handles of whale teeth engraved with the story of Ulysses.

is finest of many paintings on the *Christina*.

DRAWING ROOM is done in ecru and deep rose. Although the upholstered furniture was made especially for the yacht, most of the accessories are favorite possessions of the Onassises that came from their Antibes house.

MASTER BEDROOM of the most luxurious yacht afloat is part of the owners' four-room suite. The Onassises decorated the *Christina* themselves.



MASTER BATHROOM, like the other 12 baths aboard, is of marble. It has gilt dolphin spigots, quartz knobs to match the marble, mosaic dolphins in the sunken tub.

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes, US—depth of snow on upper slopes TD—total snowfall during the week days TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—crowd during the week; CW—crowd during the weekend, CL—closed lifts, trails or slopes

EAST

Stowe, Vt.: Weekend snow covered ice on lower slopes, brought good skiing to whole area. Crowd wore cover down to ice in some spots. Expert reaction to Cortina Ski is very favorable here. LS 34, US 44, TD 2, TW 4 to 6, CD 1,650, CW 2,600.

Mad River Glen, Vt.: Good packed powder skiing on upper and lower trails during weekend. Strong demand at local ski shop for Swiss Wellslit elastic ski pants in red or blue. LS 30, US 55, TD 2, TW 6, TD 200, CW 1,800.

Hogback Mt., Vt.: Skiing good. Combined uphill capacity of T bar, poma lift and two ropes kept wait to a maximum of five minutes. LS 7 to 30, US 7 to 30, TW 8, CW 2,500.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Skiing good all week, with weekend snow covering frozen granular surface. Slalom training for junior skiers under lights Wednesday nights on Lord's Prayer. LS 7 to 25, US 7 to 25, TW 5, CD 2,050, CW 3,400.

Pico Peak, Vt.: Five inches of powder cover provided good skiing. Tom Corcoran took Brad Mead giant slalom, Chiharu Igaya second. Sally Deaver took women's USE ASA giant slalom. LS 8 to 26, US 8 to 26, CD 400, CW 1,500.

Okemo Mt., Vt.: Best crowd of season found excellent skiing on Squaw and Tomahawk. LS 7 to 10, US 26 to 30, TW 6 to 10, CW 1,600.

Snow Valley, Vt.: Crowd light over weekend. Ski-kuli under repair, but T bar and rope operated. LS 20 to 26, US 20 to 36, CW 150.

Eastern Slopes Region, N.H.: Snow train from Boston carried 1,000 skiers and sightseers to area Sunday. At Mt. Cranmore, skiing good, East slope best. LS 11 to 25, TD 0, TW 3, CD 3,750, CW 11,000. At Intervale, skiing excellent. LS 11 to 23, US 11 to 23, CW 550. At Thorn Mt., best skiing of season last weekend. LS 4 to 10, US 8 to 24, TW 4, CD 100, CW 1,100. At Black Mt., Speedwell best trail, some ice on rest of runs. Free dances and refreshments at base station given weekend skiers. LS 4 to 18, US 4 to 18, CD 150, CW 1,700.

Cannon Mt., N.H.: All lifts operated last weekend with weekend snowfall providing excellent skiing on slopes, fair to good skiing on trails. Crews working on upper and middle Cannon, Zoomer trails in preparation for national junior championships March 1 to 4. LS 4 to 31, US 6 to 38, TD 0, TW 5, CD 900, CW 2,300.

Mt. Sunapee, N.H.: Snowfall over weekend covered boiler-plate base. Billy Woods, Carolyn Draper took Eastern Junior Alpine titles. LS 10, US 20, TW 6, CD 1,200, CW 3,500.

Lake Placid, N.Y.: All slopes open. Jacques Charland, Art Devlin, Roy Sherwood finished in that order in Masters jump tournament. LS 12 to 26, US 32 to 36, CD 2,000, CW 3,000.

Belleayre, N.Y.: Skiing good to excellent. LS 10, US 20, TD 2, TW 5, CD 300, CW 4,000.

Mt. Tremblant, Que.: Skiing good. Sissy Schuss, Ryan's Run best. Lowell Thomas and Standard Slope thinning. Biggest crowd since New Year's. Kandahar here March 3. LS 6 to 26, US 8 to 44, TD 4, TW 7, CD 2,000, CW 3,000. CL upper Flying Mile, St. Bernard.

Lac Beauport, Que.: Skiing excellent, lifts operated. LS 25, US 27, TW 8, CW 1,800.

MIDWEST

Rib Mt., Wis.: Best skiing on slopes, trails skiable but thin. LS 6, US 5.

Sheltered Valley, Wis.: Excellent skiing. Free ski school during week for high schoolers. LS 10, US 17, TD 3, TW 1, CD 50, CW 300.

Mt. Telemark, Wis.: Skiing good. Area will be open daily through March 5. LS 21, US 9 to 16, CW 1,440.

Caberfae, Mich.: East runs best. LS 20, US 14, TD 6, TW 1, CD 400, CW 4,200.

Terry Peak, S. Dak.: Best conditions of year. LS 18, US 22, TD 8, TW 0, CD 200, CW 500.

WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho: Snow flurries kept runs in good condition over weekend. Maximum lift-line wait was 10 minutes. Older Gentlemen's Class, aged 65 to 76, had seventh annual ski week here. On Mt. Baldy, US 74, Roundhouse 65. On Dollar Mt., US 37, valley floor 24.

Alta, Utah: Skiing is excellent throughout area, with choice of packed or deep powder. Ski School Head Alf Engen directed evening square dances at Alta Lodge. LS 133, US 133, TD 18, TW 4, CD 1,200, CW 1,000.

Brighton, Utah: Cold weather has kept area in deep powder except on heavily used runs. Roads open all week. LS 135, US 158, TD 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 4,300.

Santa Fe, N.M.: Skiing excellent. Large group came from ski club active in Midland, Texas, 400 miles from mountain. LS 24 to 36, US 48 to 60, TD 12, TW 3, CD 600, CW 1,000.

Taos, N.M.: Past week has seen fine weather and excellent skiing. Sizable group of skiers recruited from Taos Pueblo Indians doing well. LS 60 to 70, US 80 to 120, TD 12, TW 6, CD 300, CW 450.

Big Mt., Mont.: Wind crust formed on some slopes, but overall conditions good. Northwest Women's Intercollegiate giant slalom won by Cameon Hughes. LS 42 to 45, US 45 to 74, TD 10, CW 760.

Banff, Alta.: Light snow during week improved skiing considerably. High-country skiing at Sunshine Village and Lake Louise is superb. LS 42, US 44, TD 4, TW 0, CD 400, CW 1,100.

Aspen, Col.: Intermittent falls of fine powder have made skiing excellent with choice of packed or deep snow. Winners of SRMSA championships were Henning Arstal of Denver, Beverly Paulich of Aspen. LS 30, US 60, TD 12 to 24, TW 6 to 15, CD 400, CW 800.

Arapahoe Basin, Col.: Upper North Glade and Tab opened after avalanche danger removed by explosives. One third of skiers using Head skis. College set trying knee socks outside regular ski pants. LS 80, US 87, TD 25, CW 1,000.

FAR WEST

Sugar Bowl, Calif.: Past week's storms left excellent weekend conditions. Alpineer giant slalom winners were Louis Fellows and Babbette Haueisen. LS 144, US 240, CW 1,800.

Squaw Valley, Calif.: Twelve inches of powder over whole mountain provided excellent skiing. Ski school demonstrating French parallel style once a week for all onlookers. LS 48, US 204, TD 3, TW 9, CD 600, CW 1,500.

Edelweiss, Calif.: Record crowds here for third week in row. Skiing excellent. LS 70, US 84, TD 0, TW 0, CD 240, CW 3,400.

Mt. Baldy, Calif.: Bonanza and Beginner's Gulch good, but Emile's Bowl and Robins Run closed due to ice. South Slope getting big crowds. LS 0, US 8 to 18, CD 750, CW 1,000.

Big Bear Lake, Calif.: Snow during week covered most bare spots on lower slopes. LS 3 to 10, US 24, TD 8, CW 3,600.

Mt. Hood, Ore.: Heavy snows limited skiing. Chains required on all approach roads. At Timberline LS 238, US 242, TD 14, CD 200, CW 1,000. CL Magic Mile. At Govt. Camp, LS 84, US 94, TD 14, TW 3, CD 200, CW 4,500.

Mt. Baker, Wash.: Winter's heaviest snow hit during week, left conditions tough for novice, exciting for deep-powder specialists. Avalanche control school will be held on mountain March 3 and 4. Sound films on ski technique were recently added to lodge entertainment. LS 258, TD 36, TW 20, CW 1,300.

Snoqualmie Pass, Wash.: Packed powder on most slopes, heavy powder on chair lift run. LS 140 to 145, TD 1 to 2, TW 1 to 2, CW 8,500.

Stevens Pass, Wash.: All trails excellent, with powder on packed base. LS 168 to 170, TD 2 to 3, TW 3 to 4, CW 1,800.

Grouse Mt., B.C.: Lifts operated through heavy weekend storms which brought best snow conditions in 10 years. LS 60 to 88, US 88 to 116, TD 10, TW 10, CD 250, CW 2,200.

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFEIFER

Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

BACK FROM THE OLYMPICS, FRIEDL PFEIFER EXPLAINS HOW TO SET UP A SIMPLE SLALOM COURSE TO TRAIN YOURSELF TO SKI MORE PRECISELY

FRIEDL PFEIFER

For a skier who is confident of his parallel turns, the next natural step is slalom practice. Slalom is run on an irregular downhill course between pairs of poles, each pair known as a gate. The simplest slalom to handle is a series of gates of the same type. The two basic types are the open gate, set with poles at the same level on the hill, and the closed gate, set with one pole markedly lower on the hill than the other.

To begin your practice, set half a dozen like gates on a 15°–20° hard-packed slope (soft snow makes precision turning difficult). The gates should be from 9 to 12 feet wide and set so that there is just room to make a smooth, rounded turn between gates. After practicing on a series of like gates, try mixing open and closed gates. An experienced slalom racer can show you how to set combinations like the flush, the elbow or the hairpin H. When you try combinations, however, set the gates 15 to 18 feet wide, narrowing them again as you gain confidence.

Use slalom poles made of light sapling which will not splinter when you tangle with them, as you undoubtedly will. If you are setting combinations, red, yellow and blue flags used on each gate in rotation will help you pick your course in advance.

Your technique in slalom does not have to be different from that of parallel skiing. You will find at first that you are pole-shy. This must be overcome. Generally the proper way to take a closed gate is to turn early and come through close to the upper pole. If you turn late you will be too low for the next gate. In taking open gates, it's usually best to shave the pole nearest the next gate.

You will find that slalom improves the control and preciseness of your skiing and teaches you to make smooth, tight turns.

INDIAN TIGER HUNT

continued from page 19

deployed into a long battle line and moved forward through the jungle.

I had selected for my weapons, from the camp armory, a double-barreled .450 Holland & Holland rifle for big game and a 12-gauge Rigby shotgun for the small. Both were idle until midday; then there was a scampering around my elephant's feet and a little hog deer darted out. I killed it. It was the only blood drawn that day. Thirty elephants, 29 mahouts (the Raj Kumar is his own), four officers, three shooters, six weapons = one hog deer, somewhat larger than a rabbit.

No kill the second day, so it was another general hunt. Nor were there any kills the following night, although two added bullocks were staked out, making seven baits in all.

Early the fourth morning I heard an excited voice shouting in Hindi from the road. Others in the camp passed my tent on the run. I thought something must be up and left off dressing to join a group that had formed around a hairy, nearly naked little man, who was rolling his eyes and waving his arms in what seemed to be a fit of terror. He was a buffalo man. During the night a tiger had killed one of his bullocks. He thought he knew where that tiger was lying up even now.

As a rule a tiger kills shortly after nightfall. Having broken the neck of its prey, it licks a place raw with its sharp, scaly tongue and drinks up the blood. Then, thirsty from the salt, it goes to water. After drinking deeply it finds some sheltered, shady place in the jungle and lies up until a little before dawn, when it returns to the kill and eats it out. The fact that this tiger had not gone for one of our seven baits but had made what is called a natural kill was taken as an indication of sagacity, which meant it was of mature years and therefore large.

At 10 o'clock that morning, we were standing in our howdahs facing a strip of jungle where the buffalo man thought the tiger was lying up. I was in the center, W. B. on the left, Felix on the right. The elephants in the oncoming beat began to trumpet—notes as pure and clear as any Louis Armstrong ever blew and proportionately louder. My heart action accelerated.

On came the beat, out of the trees and into the grass, where we could see the elephants in line. Then the tiger came, like a lick of flame against the green backdrop of the jungle—its forward movements were so flowingly graceful and effortless that they seemed almost slow. But I knew better when I tried to lay my sights on it: it was fast as a flaring bird. It came from the right. Felix fired twice. The tiger swerved my way. As I pulled the trigger, my elephant swayed wildly around, throwing me heavily against the side of the howdah. Facing about I got a last glimpse of its yellow-and-black stripes. I fired again, knowing I would miss, and I did. Its course described a sweeping S and covered, I reckoned afterward, some 200 yards. I am certain its time, from appearance to disappearance, was under 10 seconds—a good winner's time on a fast track.

That night Captain Naryan wrote in his log that a fine shot had been given us and that he didn't know why we had missed.

Fifth day, no kill; sixth day, no kill; seventh day, no kill.

A feeling that we had missed our one and only chance settled over us, that the gods of the hunt were disgusted with us for shooting badly. We were informed that in the elephant camp the mahouts were making a blood sacrifice of a goat. Also that the Raj Kumar was shaving his beard.

The eighth day, no kill. Another general hunt. As the elephants were getting into line, Major Parbat Singh, who, with Wyn Pasley, was with me in my howdah, looked out over the scrubby terrain and remarked that the country didn't seem very promising. Five minutes later I saw a tiger. It came into view from behind a thicket some 60 yards ahead. Before I could signal the mahout to stop, it had disappeared behind some scrub. But it showed itself again almost immediately, bearing leftward and away through the grass. It was about 125 yards off now. I didn't hear my soft-nosed bullet slam home nor was there any growling or thrashing about in the grass.

"I think you got him," Major Parbat Singh said without conviction.

Wyn said he thought so too.

THE HATEFUL SOUND

Word was passed along the line that I had shot at a tiger. The Raj Kumar rode up on his elephant and asked if the tiger was hit. I said I didn't know. He gave orders sending the howdah elephants one way and the pad elephants another. When we were about 400 yards apart, we deployed again, taking up positions at right angles to the original beat.

The clamor of the new beat started up, grew louder as it advanced—then died. Something was called out from over the distance. My mahout turned to me smiling and offered his hand. I shook it and Major Parbat Singh's and Pasley's. Felix and W. B. both called congratulations. Then the beat started again where it had left off. I didn't understand why, if my tiger was dead.

"There may be another one," Major Parbat Singh said. "Better get set."

Instantly there was the rattling, hollow, belching, and infinitely hateful sound that is the growl of a tiger. Our

"Shoot-er!"

howdah elephants answered with a fanfare. Then stripes flashed briefly through heavy foliage. The beat came on. Circling toward Felix a tiger ran into the open. Felix fired both barrels. The tiger swung toward me. I fired. The tiger headed back toward the beaters. It was as though it were able to reverse direction without losing speed. Then it went to cover in a small island of very high dense grass.

Our three howdah elephants were moved up so that each faced a different side of the cover. The beating elephants were then crowded together, and shoulder to shoulder they pushed in from the fourth side. They took no joy in this part of their task. They rolled against each other; tried to back away; got their heads beaten. The yells of the mahouts, the squeals and trumpeting of the elephants—and every so often that infinitely hateful growl—made a wild and hellish din.

The tiger finally came backing into view, giving ground only by inches. It backed, belly to the ground, head up, heavy forelegs spread. Felix fired.

The tiger turned briefly towards Felix's elephant, growled, then, facing the beat again, made a short charge on the nearest beating elephant, which backed, squealing. But the tiger did not push its charge through. It circled on itself, as though to make a bed, then lay down and became lifeless.

Captain Naryan and two others got off their elephants and approached it cautiously. One of them picked up a stick and threw it at its head. Finally Captain Naryan pulled the tiger's tail. It was dead, all right. They stretched it out full length, drove pegs into the earth at its nose and the tip of its tail, then measured the distance between with a tape line. It was exactly nine feet. Ropes were hitched around its forelegs above the elbows. It was lifted aboard and secured to the back of an elephant.

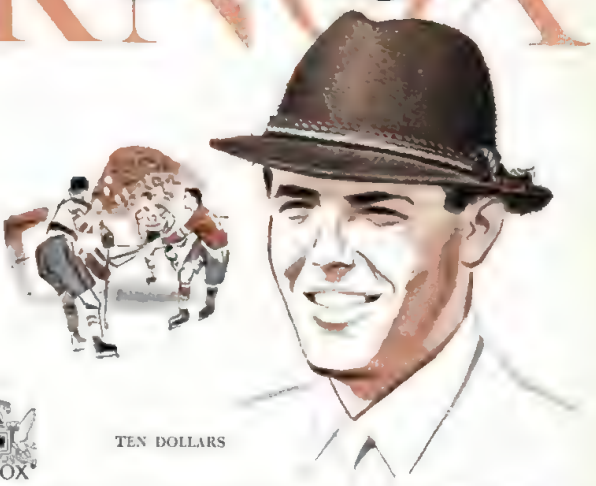
Then we went to where my tiger had fallen. She was a young female, 8 feet 4 inches—small. My bullet had entered from behind her left forearm and had come out her right ear. It was at once a heart shot and a brain shot. Her skin was prime—the yellow vivid and the black very black. I remembered the first golden pheasant I ever killed. How beautiful it was, like a magic bird—the Firebird. My tiger was a Fire-animal.

I have cursed myself on several occasions when I wounded game and it got away. But only that one other time, long ago, did I feel regret over game I had killed instantly.

I hope to go again next year! END

KNOX

Corvette



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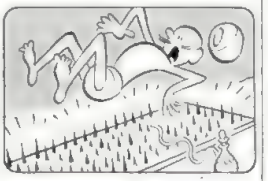

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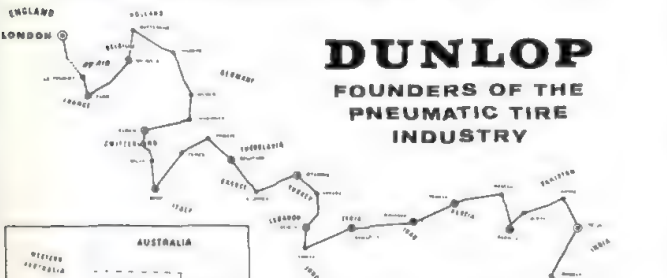
The next time you buy tires for your family or sports car, you'll be wise to follow the lead of the Thwaites and of sports car owners and road racers the world over. Ask for—and get—genuine Dunlop Tires for your car! Remember—every world's land speed record since 1929 has been made on Dunlop Tires. *Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation, Factory and Executive Offices, Buffalo 5, New York.*



DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water, **SH**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair, **OVG**—outlook very good

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Big bass busted out all over Lake Tarpon (near Tarpon Springs) last week; largest reported weighed 12½ pounds, but 9- and 10-pounders were not unusual and **OVG.** Other worthwhile waters are Lake Harris, St. John's River and Goodby's Lake near Jackson. In general, outlook is improving as hot weather warms ponds and rivers.

CALIFORNIA: **FG** and improving in lower Colorado River reservoirs after slow fishing last week due to high winds, and several big bass reported from Mead and Mohave.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Muddy water slowed reservoir fishing last week but **OF G** for early March. Rising water in Santee-Cooper Reservoir produced good fishing on flats, and **OG.**

TEXAS: Best fishing of 1956 reported from Lake Texoma last week as steady sunshine stimulated bass appetites; top fish weighed 7 pounds. Possum Kingdom spy reports many bass but few above 2 pounds, and **OG.**

BONEFISH: BAHAMA ISLANDS: Anglers working shallow flats of Abaco and Andros islands needed fingers of both hands to tally daily catches last week, and one fisherman at Abaco's Sandy Point landed 21 during one tide. Fast action also reported from Bang-Bang Club at Andros. Top fish of week landed near Green Turtle Cay, Abaco by Alfred J. Speer of Short Hills, N.J. weighed 10 pounds 8 ounces.

STEELHEAD: CALIFORNIA: Main Eel and South Fork clear and producing good-sized fish for first time since floods; **OVG** until winter season ends February 29 if rains hold off. Russian River spotty, **FF G** for fly-fishermen on Gualala. Mill Creek high but producing; Trinity and upper Sacramento rivers fair to good.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: **FP** generally as new runs had not come into rivers at press time; most streams are still very low, and pools on smaller streams are frozen well out from bank. Thaw should boost water levels and bring bright fish into streams by March 1.

WASHINGTON: Cold water blamed by spy for poor fishing last week in most coastal rivers, but eagey veterans using tiny cherry bobbers and small brass spoons have been taking fish from Wynooche, Satsop, Hoh, Humptulips rivers despite low, clear, frigid water. Best fishing reported last week were a 19-pounder from Queets, a 20-pounder from Humptulips and a 20¾-pounder from upper Cowlitz River. Best bets for this week are Humptulips, Nasecle, Wynooche, Satsop, Hoh, Stillaguamish and upper Cowlitz rivers. On north coast heavy drift of ice in Nooksack River has stopped Lummi Indians netting at river mouth and has let fish surge upriver to happy, frostbitten anglers; hot spot is hole under Nugent's Bridge. Samish River is pistol-hot after month's slump, and fishermen are elbowing for space under highway bridge for crack at bright steelhead to 9 pounds, but fish won't bite after 9 a.m.

TROUT: MISSOURI: Season opens March 1 and Dr. G. B. Herndon of State Conservation Commission says recent rains and snows will be boon to drought-ridden trout streams. Commission has been working on stream improvements at Montauk, Roaring River and Bennett Springs state parks where heavy turnout is expected on opening day.

MONTANA: Scarcity of insects and resulting high trout mortality in Yellowstone River now conclusively linked to spraying of forests along river and tributaries; spraying will be continued next summer in other Montana watersheds, and sportsmen are alarmed as to effect on other trout waters.

BASEBALL

continued from page 23

those prices you read in the newspapers.

"Then there's training, another $250,000 a year. All the players in our organization are brought to Vero Beach. We've got six diamonds there—it's like a university. At 9 a.m., for instance, there's a class in base stealing. There's a class in bunting, pickoff plays, and so on down the line in all phases of ball playing. All the plays are standard throughout the organization. That way a boy can be brought up from a lower classification and the manager will know exactly what he's supposed to have been taught.

"Now, fourth, you can figure that your farm system these days will run at a $250,000 annual loss. There's your one million dollars.

"But, if you're operating on this level, you figure on recouping a big part of this investment. Every club in the majors except Boston has at least one Vero Beach product on its roster. We stock our team and have enough left over to sell for about $500,000 a year. Besides that, we figure we'd have to house, feed and transport our players for training some place if we didn't have this particular operation, so maybe Vero Beach only costs us about $150,000 actually. That leaves us with a net cost of maybe $350,000 a year to keep building an artistic team that's always in the race.

"Now, of course, you have all sorts of other expenses. You can start with a figure of $500,000, which is roughly the Dodger payroll, as tops for a player payroll in the majors. Then figure $200,000 for the last-place club, and the average in the majors might be about $350,000. You've got transportation, hotel bills, per diem food allowances on the road, uniforms, grounds maintenance, and a dozen or two other things, all two or three times as expensive now as they used to be. And you just can't budget your operation against expected income. Too many things can happen—a wet spring or how is Erskine's arm going to be or is Johnny Podres going to get drafted in midseason.

"So, no matter how carefully you play it, it's still a gamble. With intelligent long-range planning, a good organization and some luck you can operate to make a profit—but you can't predict the size of the profit. And you have to be prepared to lose money before you start making it. In other words, besides your original investment, you'll need a big pool of liquid capital or a good credit line at the bank.

"When you take all this into consideration, baseball isn't a business—it's more like a disease. You start out as a fan, then maybe you buy a few shares in your club, and then you want more and finally you want to run the club. You're stuck. You're in and you love every minute of it."

Thus spoke Walter O'Malley.

The hypothetical example is not so hypothetical at that: the stadium, of course, is the one he keeps threatening to build for the artful Dodgers, if not in Brooklyn then somewhere else. But, to make the example fit the realities of major league life in general, it needs correction in several ways. Obviously any city big enough to support a major league club already has an important minor league club in residence, and this would have to be bought and moved elsewhere—at a cost that could run to several hundred thousand dollars. Obviously too, until the rules are amended to allow more than the present eight clubs in each major league, the only way the mythical metropolis of O'Malleyopolis could get a major league franchise would be to buy it and move it from one of the present league cities. How much is a franchise worth?

In an accounting sense it is worth nothing—like good will—and actually, like good will, it's worth depends entirely on circumstances. If, for instance, when he bought the Athletics two years ago, Arnold Johnson had been required to keep the team in Philadelphia, a prudent offer for the franchise might have been $100,000. But, knowing that he could move it to Kansas City and figuring (correctly) that fans there would beat down the gates in their enthusiasm for major league ball, he could prudently offer one million dollars instead.

And naturally one buys the team and its supporting organization and farm system as well as the franchise. Again the values are wildly varied. To buy a major league package—team, franchise and all, including real estate—would cost a minimum of $4 million, O'Malley believes, and a maximum of close to $15 million, with the average current market value of the 16 teams perhaps $6 million. This average value, by the way, roughly has quadrupled in the last 10 years.

A CAPITAL CAPITAL GAIN

Last week's sale of the Cleveland Indians helps illuminate these figures. The Indians, owning no real estate at all, brought nearly $4 million. In 1946, when Bill Veeck and his syndicate bought the club, they paid only $1,400,000 for it. Their capital gain, when they sold a few years later, was $800,000. The recent owners now have a new capital gain of nearly $1,800,000. Shares which they bought for $100 each are now worth $1,550 each.

Still another practical correction might eliminate the O'Malley dream stadium, since there are easier ways to find a place to play ball at a profit: financially very "artistic" ways. For instance, Arnold Johnson bought the old Kansas City Blues' stadium for $650,000, sold it to the city for the same amount. The city then tore it down and built a new 30,000-seat stadium, which it plans to expand to 38,000. Besides allocating $3,550,000 to house the A's in proper style, the city has guaranteed Johnson a million-a-year attendance the first three years, on pain of having him move the franchise. Milwaukee similarly made it easy for the Braves to move from Boston by handing them the big municipal Stadium on a long lease at nominal rent. Local patriotism can be put to marvelous uses in moving

continued on next page

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a franchise. On the other hand, if one buys a club as a going concern in its native city, there is apt to be a substantial real estate investment. Any existing big league stadium is worth several million. On top of this comes the liquid capital, the cushion needed in order to take temporary losses and for building the team, which George Weiss, the business genius of the Yankees, estimates at $3 million.

THE DYING DYNASTIES

All in all, if one wants to own a major league club, he had better be able to find $9-10 million. This estimate is borne out by the overall big league financial structure. By well-informed estimate, the 16 clubs represent a capital investment of about $150 million.

These facts and figures make it very clear why the old family-dynasty pattern of baseball ownership is dying out and can never revive. The day is long past when a Connie Mack, Charles Comiskey or Barney Dreyfuss could round up a few admirers as backers and acquire a major league club. Today's capital requirements invite four kinds of ownership: the really rich hobbyist not averse to a tax loss—Bob Carpenter of the Phils and Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox are conspicuous examples; the syndicates of businessmen moved by local patriotism, vanity and the hope of a modest profit—Baltimore and Cleveland are examples; and the big corporation that can use baseball as a good way to advertise its product—the latest example being Anheuser-Busch's purchase of the Cardinals. The fourth kind of new-day baseball owner is exemplified by Johnson, the professional financier prowling for a capital gain.

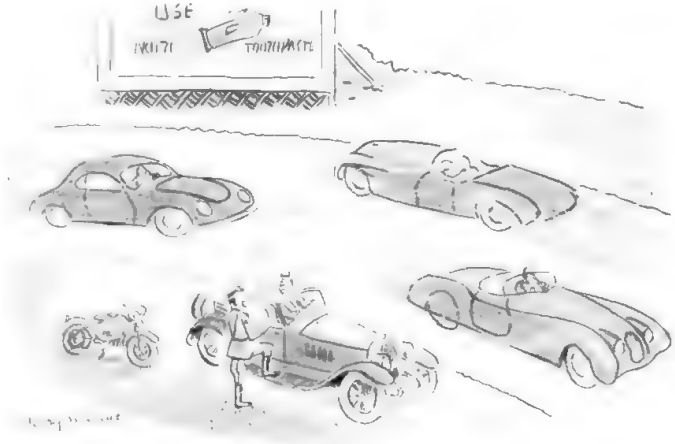
So, unless you are as rich as Yawkey or as adroit and financially well-connected as Johnson, you are not going to own a ball club. But you can own a piece of one. The number of shareholders in major league clubs varies from one (Boston's Yawkey) to 1,600 (Baltimore). Everybody knows that Horace Stoneham "owns" the Giants, but what he actually owns are 6,500 of the 11,751 shares outstanding—the rest are held by some 300 other people, about half of whom, incidentally, are fans who own only a single share each and who bought it for sentimental, not financial, reasons. Philip K. Wrigley owns 7,976 of the Cubs' 10,000 shares, and the remainder is split among 201 other owners. Powell Crosley Jr., although he holds a big majority of the Reds' stock, has 30 coowners. The investor wanting to take a flyer in the baseball business will have little trouble finding something to buy.

If, however, he wants something besides "psychic income" out of his investment, it behooves him to take a hard look not only at the individual clubs but at the baseball industry's long-term prospects. With the increasing popularity of other professional sports and the steady growth of other recreational outlets, can professional baseball hold its audience? An investment in 1900 in the finest horse-collar factory in the world would have been a poor investment.

NOTHING CAN REPLACE IT

Surprisingly, the figures show that baseball, far from being swamped in the tide of new amusements, has gone on increasing in popularity—its relative position in the spectator amusement market is about twice as high these days as in 1929. Moreover, if the past proves anything, baseball enjoys a kind of built-in, automatic share of the nation's prosperity—box office receipts have tended to correlate very closely with the "gross national product," the total value of all the goods and services created in the country each year. The G.N.P. tripled from 1920 to 1950, for instance, and so did baseball gate receipts. It has been calculated that for every fluctuation in the G.N.P. of $16 billion, American League receipts tend to fluctuate $800,000 and National League receipts $700,000. Since 1950, television has sanded the gears of this handy measuring device. Last year's record G.N.P. did not bring record crowds to the ball parks, although attendance was very good, higher than any except the phenomenal years following the war. On the other hand, television obviously has paid the owners a great deal more in broadcasting fees than it has cost them in gate receipts. In short, the investor need have no fears about the industry's vitality. To settle the matter once and for all, not even sex will ever take the place of baseball.

As for the profits, they have varied as widely from club to club as one would expect among 16 enterprises in any industry. The Yankees, for instance, which might be thought of as the General Motors of baseball, earned $8.5 million from 1920 to 1950, and this was more than the combined earnings of the six least-successful American League clubs. According to Philip Wrigley, the Cubs returned an annual average of 5% on investment during those same 30 years; not a fancy yield but not so bad either—about what Mr. Wrigley could have made had he put his money instead in a blue chip investment trust or a portfolio of mortgages. Except during the Depression and the early years of World War II, when many of the clubs lost money, the big leagues' long-term profit position has been excellent, ranging between perhaps 10% and 25% of gross operating income during most of the 1920-50 period. During the postwar boom years 1946-49 when attendance hit an alltime high—a third greater than it is now—



"Thanks—I just wanted to put my foot on a running board once again."

big league overall profits averaged $4 million a year. In 1946, the best of those years, profits were 17.1% of gross operating income.

Owners and general managers like to dwell on the hardships they have met in the past few years because of rising expenses and smaller attendance. Everything is up—even with discounts, baseballs cost about $1.30 apiece, and the Yankees, for instance, chew them up at the rate of 120 a day. Hotels, food, transportation and other items for the Yankees' customary traveling party of 45 make road expenses average about $1,000 a day. As against spiraling costs, they point out, admission prices have stayed practically the same for decades—a bleacher seat cost 50¢ in 1920 and costs 75¢ now, a grandstand seat cost one dollar and now averages $1.25. Actually, when they cite these figures, baseball's businessmen are fudging quite a bit, for what they neglect to add is that the seats have been reshuffled through the years, turning bleachers into pavilions, pavilions into grandstands, and so on, so that the average price of admission has increased since 1920 by at least 60%. And what none of them likes to talk about is the tremendous new source of income found in television. SI estimates that the major leagues will take in close to $6 million this year from radio-TV fees, not counting the All-Star and World Series games. That amount would buy a lot of baseballs, or pay the dinner check for a lot of hungry ballplayers. Incidentally, they are astonishingly hungry. Many clubs put them on a per diem allowance to control the cost. But the Yankees impose no limit, and Bill McCorry, the road secretary, has found that a ballplayer given the freedom of the table can soon eat his weight in gold, with $20 dinner checks being not uncommon.

DREARY DEFICITS?

And so, looking at the major leagues as a whole, it is clearly true that the baseball business is a good long-term investment. Dividend policies are conservative, with most of the profits being customarily plowed back into the club—but so much the better for capital gains if one wishes to sell. What, then, of the well-publicized losses—the "millions" that Tom Yawkey has shoveled into the Red Sox and that Bob Carpenter has kissed away with the Phils, all the long, dreary procession of deficits the Perinis suffered when the Braves were in Boston, the trimming Bill Veeck took during his adventures with the Browns in St. Louis, and ad infinitum? There are two answers. One is that baseball bookkeeping is wonderfully facile, and that for a very rich owner it may be advantageous taxwise to lose money on operations, or at best break even, taking his dividends instead in the forms of "psychic income" and public good will.

NOT WHAT BUT WHERE

The second answer is that it is, indeed, perfectly easy to lose money on a big league organization. And it is not at all easy to run it at a consistently good profit. The investor will want to pick his team in the light of a number of separate factors, each of which may strongly influence profit.

Suppose that two teams of equal ability are located in cities of about equal size, what will be the critical factor that makes one team more profitable than the other? The question was asked not long ago of Bill Veeck as he sat, sport-shirted and relaxing over a beer, in his penthouse apartment in Miami as the "advisor" to the new Triple-A club there—the first step, perhaps, in his return to the majors. The expected answer, of course, was sales promotion, Veeck's specialty. Instead he answered unhesitatingly: "The location of the stadium."

"That was always important," he went on, "but now it's crucial. With TV, people can see a ball game at home. If it's a bother to get out to the park—why bother? So the stadium must be tied in completely with good roads and public transportation. The single most important improvement that can be made in baseball today is improved parking." Which returns us full circle to O'Malleyopolis.

As an addendum to this point, it is important also that the stadium be attractive, comfortable and well equipped. Baseball wants and needs the family trade, and with almost a third of all big league games now being played at night, it is able to cash in on the new family audience created by TV—provided the management provides an appropriate atmosphere at the park. Spike Briggs of the Tigers puts special emphasis on this, and attributes the present profit ability of the Tigers, after several years of losses, largely to the modernization program he undertook at Briggs Stadium.

The investor will have heard a good deal about "good" baseball towns and "bad" ones, but the records will show him that this idea is mostly folklore. As might be expected from the way baseball receipts follow the gross national product, individual club receipts historically have tended to correlate with the population and general retail sales figures of their home cities. New York is the best baseball town because it is the biggest. Even with TV income, most club owners use the rule of thumb that in order to make much money, they need close to one million customers yearly at the gate. That many ball fans (and the fat TV contracts, for that matter) can be found only in a large metropolitan area, which means that clubs in smaller cities are at a disadvantage and always will be, since, in order to put "artistic" ball teams on the field, they ordinarily will have to spend a relatively bigger amount of their income on farm systems and player purchases. A notable exception to this generalization is Philadelphia, which has been lassitudinous, if not un-American, in its attitude toward baseball, and should be ashamed. If Cincinnati can support one ball club, Philadelphia, four times its size, theoretically could have supported two.

To pursue the generalization a bit further, however, one can see why it was foreordained that either the Browns or the Cardinals would have to leave St. Louis (population 857,000) and would move to some place like Baltimore (population 950,000). And it will be seen too that if the league rules someday allow expansion to 10 or 12 clubs, and if there are enough good ballplayers to man them (two ifs which will be reserved for later discussion in SI—there are a number of places on the U.S. map where a baseball entrepreneur could almost guarantee himself a success. Los Angeles, for instance, is on its way to becoming the biggest metropolitan area, not only in space but in population, in the country. And San Francisco, Houston, Dallas, Minneapolis-St. Paul, all growing, already have a better population base for profitable baseball than some of the present league cities. Whether or not these facts lead to league expansion, the chances are that they will lead to more franchise shifts.

That, of course, brings up Milwaukee, Kansas City and Baltimore and the moral to be drawn from these recent shifts which broke the stagnant tradition of 50 years. The results in gate attendance have been fantastic: by way of reminder—and taking home attendance as the true measure—the Athletics went from 300,000 in Philadelphia in 1954 to 1,400,000 in Kansas City in 1955, the Braves in their first year in Milwaukee played to 1,800,000 as against 280,000 the year before in

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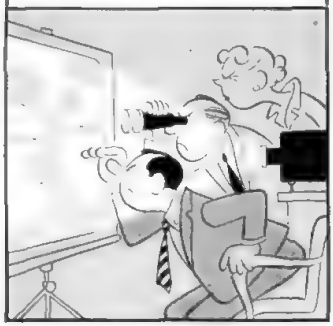
Projectionists we have known:

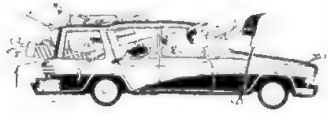


Foggy-lens Phil

Phil claims his slides are super — but nobody really knows. His lens is so dirty it takes a telescope to see his shots! Always clean your lens before the show. Here's another tip. Bring out the best in your pictures with G-E Projection Lamps. They give bright, uniform light, make slides and movies cleaner, crisper!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

In the next issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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BASEBALL

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Boston, and the Orioles went to one million in Baltimore as against a customary draw, when they were the St. Louis Browns, of 300,000 (all these are round figures). In each case, a big increase would have been statistically predictable on the basis of what we have said—but certainly by no means as big as these were. The moral is thus a double one, and the second half of it is public relations. The customers in the three new league cities turned out, not simply because of the novelty of watching big league play, but out of a sense of civic pride and almost of civic duty. They were prepared—they had been prepared by all the devices of propaganda—to make these teams their own.

BEAT THOSE DRUMS

Here, of course, is an intangible that is hard to analyze. How long will the enthusiasm last if the teams are not flag contenders? Attendance in both Milwaukee and Baltimore slid off a bit last year. But discounting novelty value and public fickleness, it is nevertheless clear that skilled drum beating is as important to the financial success of baseball as it is to any other consumer good or service. Bill Veeck, painfully gauche as he seemed to some of the other owners, demonstrated that even in St. Louis, where his noisy stunts and genius for publicity nearly doubled the Browns' attendance before his luck ran bad and he had to sell—taking an operating loss of one million dollars (he said) for his two and a half years, but a capital gains profit of $1,825,000! The attendance record he set in Cleveland earlier still stands as the all-time high anywhere. He did it with a flag winner, true, but with a flag contender the present Cleveland management has come nowhere near equaling it. The emotional identification of the whole city with the club, which Veeck so skillfully nurtured, has given way to a kind of querulousness, and therein lies most of the difference in the attendance figures.

There is another profit factor that should be taken note of, although no *investor or even any club owner could* dream of trying to control it. Walter O'Malley described it when he said, "We had tough luck last year. We clinched the pennant in August." What this means is simply that a club can be too good for its own financial good, since the fans will not turn out unless there is a contest: the greatest profits, both for the pennant winner and for the league as a whole, come when there is a close finish. A notorious example of the danger of too much success was Connie Mack's forced sacrifice after 1931 of a combination that had just won three straight pennants and the World Series. Bored with such consistent victory, the fans stayed home. Mack faced bankruptcy and had to sell his best players to meet his bills. From this disaster of success, the Athletics never recovered.

A HARDHEARTED LOT

Yet no owner would deliberately slow down his ball club. For, to give them their due, owners still are baseball fans, and no fan is happy (although victory may jade him) when his club loses. Moreover, except in such extremely rare cases as those mentioned, a club's profits are closely tied to its win-loss record. The painful fact is that baseball fans, for all the fine, free-flowing sentiment that surrounds the game, are a hardhearted and disloyal lot. They have no affection for a losing team, and the more they stay away, the harder it becomes to find the money to build the team to bring them back; and so the deadly spiral goes on. How does one make money in baseball? The Yankees' George Weiss sums up 40 years' experience in six words: "You have a winning ball club." Whatever the occasional hazards in too much winning, they are nothing compared to the sure and deadly penalties of too much losing.

"A winning ball club." Stadiums, franchises, concessions, TV and all the rest of it are simply fancy packaging for nine young men who appear on a patch of grass and start throwing a baseball around. Each of them at that moment, if our calculations are correct, supports about one million dollars on his shoulders. They are the industry's indispensable assets, and the game they put on is the industry's product. Who are they, where do they come from, how do they become assets, how much are they worth, how much do they earn? How does the baseball business look to them—as a business? END

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PART II: THE NINE YOUNG MEN

Robert Coughlan completes his analysis of the baseball business with a report on the field troops.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

February 24 through March 4

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Brigham Young vs Utah, Provo, Utah.
No. Carolina vs Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Oklahoma City vs Seattle, Oklahoma City.
Santa Clara vs. San Francisco, Santa Clara, Calif.
(Professionals)
Philadelphia vs Boston & St. Louis vs Syracuse, Philadelphia

Boxing
● Rocky Castellani vs. John L. Sullivan, welterweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

Track & Field
Atlantic Coast Conference indoor championships, Raleigh, N.C.

Auto Racing
SCCA race, Palm Springs, Fla. (also Feb. 26).

Basketball
(Leading college games)
● Northwestern vs. Indiana, Evanston, Ill., 2 p.m., C.S.T. (CBS).
Alabama vs Kentucky, Montgomery, Ala.
Dayton vs. Eastern Ky. State, Dayton.
Duke vs Geo. Washington, Durham, N.C.
Florida vs. Vanderbilt, Gainesville, Fla.
Kansas State vs Iowa State, Manhattan, Kan.
Minnesota vs Iowa, Minneapolis
Murray State vs. Louisville, Murray, Ky.
N.C. State vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh, N.C.
Ohio State vs [illegible], Columbus, Ohio
Siena vs St. Francis (N.Y.), Albany, N.Y.
Southern Methodist vs. Arkansas, Dallas.
Temple vs. Duquesne, Palestra, Philadelphia.
(Professionals)
● New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC*).
Rochester vs Fort Wayne, Rochester

Bobsledding
North American two- & four-man championships, Lake Placid, N.Y. (also Feb. 26)

Hockey
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing
● Flamingo Stakes, $100,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds,
● Hialeah Pk., Fla. (NBC-TV, 5 p.m.; radio, 5:45 p.m.)
Santa Anita Handicap, $100,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Shreveport, La.

Track & Field
IC4A indoor championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Auto Racing
NASCAR 160-mile Grand Natl. championship race, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Basketball
(Professionals)
Boston vs Rochester, Boston
Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse.

Hockey
Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.
New York vs Detroit, New York.

Polo
East vs West, Gulf Stream, Delray Beach, Fla.

Speed Skating
North American indoor championships, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Fort Worth.

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Alabama vs Tennessee, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Auburn vs Vanderbilt, Auburn, Ala.
Illinois vs. Minnesota, Champaign, Ill.
Iowa vs Northwestern, Iowa City.
Kentucky vs Georgia, Louisville
Oklahoma City vs Houston, Oklahoma City.
(Professionals)
Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse & St. Louis vs New York, Fort Wayne and

Boxing
● Miguel Berrios vs. Bobby Bell, featherweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Rice vs Southern Methodist, Houston
San Francisco vs C.C.N.Y., San Francisco
(Professionals)
New York vs. Fort Wayne & Rochester vs. Boston, New York

Hockey
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Albuquerque.

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Albright vs. Temple, Reading, Pa.
Duquesne vs. Dayton, Pittsburgh
Louisville vs. Xavier (Ohio), Louisville.
(Professionals)
Boston vs Fort Wayne, Boston.
Minneapolis vs Syracuse, St. Paul.
Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia.

Boxing
● John Holman vs Joe Rowan, heavyweights,
● Miami (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey
New York vs. Boston, New York.
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Hialeah Turf handicap, $5,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Fla.

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, Raleigh, N.C. (through March 3).
Southern Conference tournament, Richmond (through March 3)
Utah vs Colorado A&M, Salt Lake City.
(Professionals)
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.
St. Louis vs. Rochester, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse.

Golf
Baton Rouge Open, $7,500 National, $17,500, Baton Rouge (through March 4)

Hockey
Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.

Swimming
Atlantic Coast Conference championships, Chapel Hill, N.C. (through March 3).
Big Ten championships, Lafayette, Ind. (through March 3).
Southeast Conference championships, Atlanta (through March 3).

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Phoenix, Ariz.

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Alabama vs. Auburn, Montgomery, Ala.
San Francisco vs Pepperdine, Bakersfield, Calif.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles
(Professionals)
Boston vs Minneapolis & Fort Wayne vs New York, Boston

Boxing
● Carmelo Costa vs Baby Vasquez, lightweights,
● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf
Jacksonville Women's Open, $5,000, Jacksonville (through March 5)

Hockey
Chicago vs Montreal, Chicago

Track & Field
Big Seven indoor championships, Kansas City (also March 3)
Big Ten indoor championships, E. Lansing, Mich. (also March 3)

Basketball
(Leading college games)
● Iowa vs. Illinois, Iowa City, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS).
Columbia vs Penn, New York
Dayton vs Cincinnati, Dayton
Kentucky vs. Tennessee, Lexington, Ky.
Loyola (Calif.) vs San Francisco, Los Angeles
Oklahoma A&M vs St. Louis, Stillwater, Okla.
UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles
(Professionals)
● Rochester vs Minneapolis, Rochester, 3 p.m. (NBC*)
Philadelphia vs Syracuse, Philadelphia
St. Louis vs Fort Wayne, St. Louis.

Bowling
ABC tournament begins, Rochester (through March 11)

Hockey
Boston vs New York, Boston
Montreal vs Chicago, Montreal.
Toronto vs Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Santa Anita Derby, $100,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.
New Orleans Handicap, $50,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

Sled Dog Racing
Intl. Derby, Lake Placid, N.Y. (also March 4).

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Palm Springs, Calif. (also March 4)

Track & Field
New York K of C meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
Heptagonal Games, Ithaca, N.Y.

Basketball
Boston vs Philadelphia, Boston
Fort Wayne vs Rochester, Fort Wayne
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs New York, Syracuse

Hockey
Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Detroit vs Montreal, Detroit.
New York vs. Chicago, New York.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2 drawing by John Lowery, Howard A. Joern

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

LET'S EMPHASIZE THE INDIVIDUAL

Sirs:

There is much talk about de-emphasizing nationalism in the Olympics and eliminating it altogether in favor of honoring the individual winners. I think this could best be accomplished not only by forgetting the point-scoring system (E & D, Feb. 13) but with a change in approach all the way down the line, beginning right with the Olympic ceremonies. The Americans in their white coats and red hats, mitts and sweaters stood out handsomely this year. The Russians, while not so handsome in brown and blue, also stood out. The same was true of every nation there. Thus the costumes denoted, at a glance, "Russian" or "American." If the emphasis is to be on the best individuals in each event, why not have each *class* of entries dressed alike, if you will, and likewise march together in the pre-game ceremony? Skiers together, skaters together and so on. This way the national might and prestige of powerful nations like the U.S. and Russia would not overshadow small delegations such as Bolivia. Likewise the achievements of athletes could better be considered on an individual basis instead of as just so many more points for their respective countries.

The Olympics should be purely and simply a gathering of athletes, not a conclave of nations in competition for world-wide notice.

May I congratulate you on your unbiased and enlightening article on Mr. Brundage (SI, Jan. 30, Feb. 6). For too long I have felt the lack of accurate information about him. He emerges a capable and admirable man.

MRS. MARIANNE MAGNAN

Hawthorne, N.Y.

BETTER THAN A BATTLEFIELD

Sirs:

The 1956 Winter Olympics have well demonstrated that ample monetary support for athletic training programs, *i.e.*, money from the state, tends to permit more extensive practice and improved performance. The Olympic Games are a grand show and certainly worthy of continuation, because the various factions in the "Cold War" meet on the athletic field rather than on a future battlefield. And for those of us who are spectators only they provide as thrilling a show as anything in sports.

DAVID HEUSINKVELD

Salt Lake City

LACK OF TRAINING

Sirs:

The best country won due to better conditioning and better teams. You didn't say, as others did, that the Russians were professionals and won because of that. No, you made the truth obvious and made no excuses for our lack of training.

Thank you for such broad-minded reporting.

WENDELL FENTON

Southboro, Mass.

NO PROS IN RUSSIA

Sirs:

The fact that so many of our greatest athletes turn professional hurt us dearly at Cortina and other international competitions, in particular with the Russians.

The Communists have no professional athletes; thus they do not suffer the loss of any super stars as we do. Can you imagine what our professional boxers, basketball and hockey teams would do to the "amateur" Russian teams?

For my money, we still are the greatest sporting nation in the world, not in need of a warning, but of some fair adjustments!

Without SI, life wouldn't be the same.

GEORGE D. GORDON

Columbus, Ohio

RUSSIANS ARE NOT AMATEURS

Sirs:

I notice that now after the Olympic Winter Games there is some tendency on our part to take a lenient view of Russian professionalism. We hear that they simply have the better people, that they try harder, that their devotion is the more intense and so on. I would like to take exception to this sporting "spirit of Cortina" and simply say once more: the Russians are professionals.

The whole simple and wonderful idea of the Olympics is the idea of the individual leaving his job and family and meeting somewhere in the world with fellow athletes who have done the same. Ideally, a runner has trained hard in his own home town as best he can with available facilities. If there is no track, then he jogs through the public parks, just as you tell of the Pioneer Club (SI, Feb. 13). His fellow citizens send him to the Olympic meeting place and he does the best he can against amateurs like himself.

By no stretch of the imagination could this idyllic situation be found in Russia. I do not care whether Russian athletes are paid hard cash or not. It is blatantly obvious from all we know that any young man or woman of great athletic talent is separated from his or her companions and "taken up" by the state to be polished into the finest athletic product possible in state-financed athletic plants. This is not amateurism.

The sad truth is, of course, that the Russian system is incapable of sustaining or forming amateurism. An amateur is an individual who does the best he feels he should or can do. A Russian athlete is a ward of the state who is absorbed by the state, with no individual limitations on the time and effort that can and are expended on his training, diet and coaching.

I think that it was a terrible mistake to admit the Russians to the Olympic Games, regardless of whether they "win" them, "lose" them or come out in the middle. Amateurism is an ideal to us. It is a foolish, inexplicable weakness to any totalitarian system.

HUME BOYD GARRISON

New York

US MONKEYS

Sirs:

The Olympics are a farce. Either let us send our very best athletes, professional or amateur (who cares?), the way the Russians do, or let's pull out. They are making monkeys out of us.

JOHN WILLIAM GREBER

Chicago

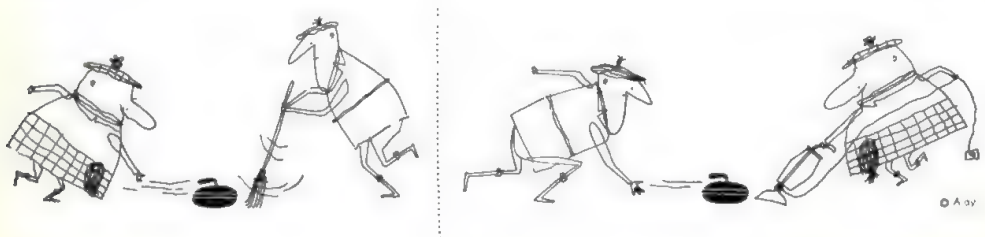
PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE

Sirs:

The U.S. public as a whole underestimates the values to be derived from the international Olympic Games. Sports, besides cultivating the individual's mind and body, build character and develop moral virtue; and, when conducted on an international basis, foster sportsmanship and good will among nations.

For some time I have been angered and even ashamed by the apparent lack of interest and indifference shown by most U.S. citizens for our own Olympians. We have the national assets to win more gold, silver and bronze medals. We criticize Russia for an over-emphasized sports program bordering on professionalism. One need only look at the results of the recent Games in Cortina to see how their program paid off, not only in medals won but in international prestige.

MR. CAPER — by AJAY



We are appalled at the rate of juvenile delinquency in this country. Perhaps if more of our youth's energy were channeled into sports we could alleviate this condition.

Recently we—the greatest nation in the world—have been caught short in international sports competition through lack of proper equipment and funds, resulting from public apathy. Your publication has done a great service to the world of sport in creating enthusiasm, but there is still much to be done.

Our Olympians have always given a good account of themselves. It's time we, the public, began giving a good account of ourselves in developing and supporting with time and funds a broader sports program for our youth. Let's start backing the Olympics and our Olympians in particular.

MARK HAWES

White Plains, N.Y.

NO ALIBIS, PLEASE

Sirs:

My 12-year-old son lost in the 50-yard dash at his school, after a series of wins. He explained to me that his shoes bothered him. I listened sympathetically but told him not to alibi to anyone else.

Now we read statements from various coaches and officials that the American winter sports team lost because of outmoded equipment and other superficial alibis. For men in their position to express such poor sportsmanship is the biggest shock in a long association with the sports world. My son will hardly believe now that gentlemen don't make excuses when they lose.

Now this morning we read that Carol Heiss and Ronnie Robertson refused to stay in the same hotel with the victors.

Your magazine should voice a strong disapproval of the atmosphere created to date by the American Olympic performers and officials.

NATHANIEL F. GLIDDEN JR.

New York

NO POLITICS IN THE STADIUM

Sirs:

I am most disturbed by the reactions in our country to the Winter Games. The letters columns of newspapers and magazines are filled with suggestions that we abandon our "outmoded" and "idealistic" ideas on amateurism and adopt the Russian system of outright subsidies to athletes in both cash and free training opportunities. I have heard over and over again that "Russia is winning the cold war through the Olympics," and "The U.S. is made to look a sucker in the Games."

I was a spectator at Cortina, and nowhere at any time did I hear this kind of talk or reasoning. Cortina to all who were present was a magnificent spectacle of individual athletic performances, a wonderful sports celebration.

Both spectators and competitors were too awed and fascinated by this occasion to care a straw about any "political significance of the 50-kilometer cross-country." This kind of talk and emotional response is found outside the stadium, never inside. I and millions of others all over the world do believe in this ideal of amateur sports. Let's keep politics out of the stadium and not make politicians out of our athletes.

BARBARA SMITH

Boston

continued on next page

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19th HOLE *continued from page 61*

ON TO KITZBUHEL!

Sirs:

My wife had little use for what she termed my "Muscle bound Digest."

That was before the first Winter Olympic issue and *Toni Sailer*. Now she beats me to my copy and keeps mumbling something incoherent about "packing her skis and heading for Kitzbuhel."

Thanks for the Olympics coverage and Toni Sailer. He deserves another gold medal for converting my wife.

LOUIS A. SMITH
1ST LT., USAF

Harlingen, Texas

WO IST TONI?

Sirs:

Would it be possible for you to find Toni Sailer's address for me? Thank you very much.

MISS BARBARA BOLLMAN

Wexford, Pa.

● Miss Bollman and the 13 other Misses who have approached SI with the same thought in mind will find Toni in Kitzbühel, Austria.—ED.

CATEGORICAL FORECAST

Sirs:

I categorically forecast SI's Sportsman of Year 1956 as John Landy, Australia, who will again break the world mile mark, and Toni Sailer, Austria, who probably achieved a feat never again to be duplicated in Olympic skiing competition—three gold medals.

A. W. DE BAUN

Livermore, Calif.

NO ONE PUSHED TONI

Sirs:

If it is true, as you indicated (E & D, Feb. 20), that our experts now feel that our Olympic team members were not in good condition, I suggest that you furnish said "experts" each with a copy of *The Report That Shocked the Pentagon*: SI, Aug. 15. The surprising thing to me is that our athletes were able to buckle on their own skis, let alone climb the slopes of Cortina without a couple of Italian Mountain Troopers pushing from behind.

Of course, many members of our squad were in poor condition! We Americans take the car to the ski slope, latch on to a moving chair to take us up those little hills, shuffle down on our skis, drive home and slouch in front of the television set with a can of beer in our hands. And then we expect to meet the best athletes in the world, ever bred.

I do not know Toni Sailer, but I have known his village for 20 years. I can tell you this: Toni was not pushed around in a baby carriage, he toddled around on his own two legs. He never had a car; he walked. He gets up early, he goes to bed early and he does more physical work in a day than you and I do in a year simply by not having to rely on the stupid gadgets which clutter our lives.

He not only *does* all this—he loves it. Our young people are not to blame for this degeneration. It is us oldsters who made false gods out of material comfort.

EARL M. KRIENEL

Chicago

SHOW STOPPER

Sirs:

SI, Feb. 13 held a particular interest for me. I am referring to the young lady pictured above the caption "Pretty interpreter nearly stole the show from athletes" (p. 23).

Could you possibly tell me what her name is, and where I could write to her?

JIM SELWAY

Columbia, S.C.

● Send your letter and SI will forward it. SI seems to have become a clearinghouse for Olympic fan mail. On hand are letters from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary addressed to U.S. skaters as well as mail from American admirers of satellite stars.—ED.

HARD WORK

Sirs:

Please put this little ad in SI once in a while. "WANTED: Young men with character, dedication and a love for hard work, to be employed at home. Object: development of athletic ability."

ED H. GINN

Milwaukee

HELP!

Sirs:

In the wash of recent events at Cortina, SI's cartoon Feb. 13 might be considered symbolic.

FRANK J. SALKOSKI

Fort Pierce, Fla.

CORTINA 1956?

NEXT WEEK, THE ROXY

Sirs:

If the nasty little boys and girls and their dreary Moms who pester the skating world have "the right attitude to win," then I hope we send true sportsmen and women the next time and lose.

The Olympics are not a stepping stone for the lead at the Roxy Ice Show.

M. ROBBIE DE VRIES

San Francisco

THAT EXTRA SOMETHING

Sirs:

Those who follow the fond habits of great sport figures through the eyes of SI must notice now and then the merit on the part that honey plays, whether to give Hillary the extra push or to help give Sailer that extra something he's got (SI, Feb. 13).

No doubt each Olympic team member from the U.S. should have his honey along for maximum effort.

C. H. REED

Unity, Me.

● Mr. Reed missed Shotputter Parry O'Brien, of whom SI said (March 21): "From time to time he will take a snort of liquid honey from a plastic bottle to accelerate his energy."—ED.

MEN OF PROVED JUDGMENT

Sirs:

I would like this opportunity to compliment you on the excellent coverage of sporting events and particularly of the Olympic Games. The article by Andre Laguerre (SI, Feb. 13) contains many truths, such as the intense rivalry among skaters and their coaches and the possessiveness of skating mothers, but his description of judges is misleading and could be very harmful to the sport. Figure-skating judges have undergone years of trial judging during which time their marks were critically examined by competent authorities. In addition, they must have proved their knowledge of skating and particularly their impartiality and lack of prejudice. They have come to expect a certain amount of criticism from fond but otherwise relatively uninformed parents, but to denounce them as "subject to prejudice" and not necessarily true experts" is very unfortunate. Surely their training and standards are far superior to the so-called judging seen in other events such as boxing.

DR. GORDON C. BROWN
USFSA Dance and Figure Judge

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SPORT AND ALCOHOL

Sirs:

At this time I cannot refrain from blaming you for reprinting the advertisement of Seagram which appeared in the official Olympic bulletin (E & D, Feb. 13). Professor A. Heraizen is quoted on only the first phase of the effect of alcohol in the mountains. Due to the fact that "alcohol increases flow of blood into the peripheric vessels of the derm," alcohol cools the blood and after a short while one feels much colder than before and it does one much more harm than good. Besides, I do not believe drink alcohol I quite understand, since their success does not depend on physical fitness. Alcohol and true sport never go together.

HANS BLOCHER

New York.

● Toni Sailer, like many European skiers, drinks wine before and during competition; Chris Chataway, one of the world's great distance runners, is a convivial drinker, but Roger Bannister gives the best answer: "My ideal athlete is first and foremost a human being who runs his sport and does not allow it to run him. He is not a race horse or a professional strong man. He drinks beer, he might smoke and listens to coaches when he feels inclined."—ED.

A NEW SPORT

Sirs:

Why not include lacrosse in future Olympic Games? HOTBOX, Feb. 20.) Between you and me, there are only two fast games: hockey and lacrosse. To make it better, if you would like to see some real action, put two lacrosse teams on skates. Then you'll see something.

FRANK MERRIWELL

Montreal

INSIGHT RUSSIA

Sirs:

Good as your *The Lessons of Cortina* was, I think that this short statement by Buff Donelli, quoted in the *Boston Globe*, gave me my clearest insight into the Olympics

and really helped me get a 3-D picture of the Russians. Donelli said: "The Russians are good competitors. Put them into American uniforms and you wouldn't know the difference."

G. E. TORGESON

Brookline, Mass.

THE GARNER SYSTEM

Sirs:

I agree with E & D, Feb. 20 that now that the 1956 Winter Olympic Games are concluded, one continually hears people bemoaning the fact that Russia "won" the team title. Perhaps this is true according to an inefficient scoring system, but it is not true according to a system proposed in SI's 19TH HOLE (Oct. 17, 1955). Tech Sergeant Chester L. Garner, USAF, proposed a system whereby .01 point would be taken off for each million population of the country. When SI printed the complete results (Feb. 13), I applied Sergeant Garner's system. I was, however, forced to make one change. SI only printed the results from first place to seventh place, and not from first to 10th. Therefore I applied the deductions to a 10-5-4-3-2-1 scoring system. Since Russia has 220,000,000 people and Austria has only 7,000,000 persons, I find that Austria "won" the team title. The results are:

1.	Austria	77.45
2.	Russia	71.20
3.	Finland	65.44
4.	Sweden	61.09
5.	Switzerland	54.95
6.	Norway	46.58
7.	United States	34.24
8.	Italy	27.27
9.	Germany	20.57
10.	Canada	15.10
11.	France	7.85
12.	The Netherlands	6.67
13.	Poland	5.48
14.	Czechoslovakia	4.64
15.	Japan	4.14
16.	Hungary	3.91
17.	Britain	2.98
18.	Spain	2.71

MICHAEL B. WALL

New York

FRIENDS & RIVALS

Sirs:

James Poling's excellent article, *Team to Beat: The Pioneers!* (SI, Feb. 13), was a splendid tribute to Joe Yancey, gentleman and coach.

It was my pleasure to know him for the past five years while representing his in-town rival, the NYAC. To those who have not been associated with him, even as a friendly rival, the story may have seemed a little idealistic. However, your reporter captured the true spirit of the Pioneers which is really the "Joe Yancey Club."

FRED SCHOEFFLER

Tucson

FOUR CHEERS

Sirs:

Here's a cheer for SI for its great article on the New York Pioneer Club.

Here's another for all the Pioneers for putting into everyday use the principles that the United Nations are still fumbling with on a theoretical level!

Here's yet another cheer for Joe Yancey, America's greatest track coach, unpaid and unglamorous, who again was overlooked in selections for the Olympic coaching jobs!

And here's a final cheer for the person or group somewhere who should be convinced that the Pioneers are as worthy a recipient of its surplus funds as any other deserving group that more actively seeks funds!

ELLIOTT DENMAN

New York

REPORT CARD

Sirs:

Whitney Tower's CONVERSATION PIECE: *Subject: Dick Irvin* (SI, Feb. 13) was extremely interesting and informative.

I think readers would be interested in finding out the results of Irvin's poll of what each Black Hawk thought of his performance against our Boston Bruins.

FRANCIS E. PARK III

Cambridge, Mass.

● The Black Hawks were miserably aware of their own shortcomings that night. Using Irvin's system of scoring each player—3 for a star performance, 2 for good, 1 for fair and minus 1 for poor—the 17 players awarded themselves a disheartening 8 points out of a perfect 51. Irvin's tally: 6.—ED.

CHICAGO ICE FOLLIES

Sirs:

Last week it was my pleasure to watch a fine hockey game between the Black Hawks and the Canadiens, although the surroundings and a good number of Chicago fans were strictly Stone Age.

A group of gorillas would have deported themselves in a more gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner. Thrown onto the ice during the course of the game were the following items: paper airplanes, can covers, newspapers, raw eggs, beer cans, Popsicle sticks, pennies, confetti, paper cups, gum.

No one was ejected from the stadium for these and other examples of clean living, Chicago style, which leads me to the following conclusions: 1) The rumor that Chicago has a police department is untrue; 2) Andy Frain's ushers, who do a good job at Wrigley Field, are merely gold-and-blue ornaments at the Chicago Stadium.

EDWARD B. ABELL

Milwaukee

THE SOUTH IS READY

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see E & D mention the Baltimore Clippers (SI, Feb. 13). It is a wonderful feeling to know that they have found a home, at least temporarily, in Charlotte, N.C. The crowds being drawn to the ice-hockey games in the deep South only attest to the fact that a sport as exciting as professional ice hockey will draw crowds anyplace it goes.

I hope that the Clippers will return to Baltimore as soon as a new ice rink is built. However, the interest shown by the people of Charlotte, N.C. shows that they and the South are ready for the best action-packed sport of them all, pro ice hockey.

M. PINTZUK

Richmond

CAN THEY BEAT SIME?

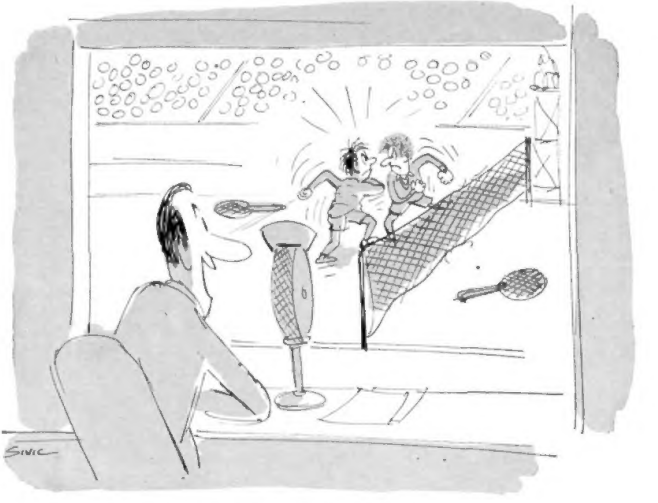
Sirs:

I can't help but disagree with you on certain comments that were made in E & D, Feb. 13 concerning sprinter David Sime. As an avid reader of your publication I must say I am disappointed in this attitude! Who could beat Sime? Well, to name a few: Jim Golliday, Bobby Morrow and Andy Stanfield. Golliday, the world record-holding 100-yard speedster from Northwestern University, is my pick to win the Olympic 100-meter dash. Sime will be lucky to make the NCAA finals this spring.

KENNETH MUSIAL

Peoria, Ill.

● That's not an attitude, that's a conviction which we will hold until that dream race of Golliday, Morrow and Stanfield is organized.—ED.



"It's a brand-new contest, folks. . . ."

PAT ON THE BACK

WILSON DENNEHY

Eighteen-year-old Wilson Dennehy is the latest and youngest member of the Lake Forest, Ill. Dennehys to make a name for himself in sports. His sister Virginia, 20, is a tournament golfer, and his brother Charles, 23, was a member of the 1955 U.S. equestrian team and is a good bet to make the *Prix des Nations* team that will compete in the Equestrian Olympics in Stockholm this June. Wilson, who takes after Charles, won three major horsemanship events last fall at the National Horse Show in New York. Here he is holding two of the awards, the Van Sinderen trophy and the U.S. Equestrian Team Challenge Cup, presented to him last month at the annual meeting of the American Horse Shows Association. A rider since the age of 5, Wilson hopes to join his brother in international competition. Currently a senior at Lake Forest High School, Wilson aims to enter the University of Virginia next fall.

RICHARD H. BAKER Jr.

The college career of 22-year-old Dick Baker Jr. of Greensboro, N.C. has been outstanding. Captain of the best swimming team in the history of the University of North Carolina, Dick has so distinguished himself in the classroom that he has been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. The son of the Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor of North Carolina, Dick plans to use his Oxford studies in preparation for the ministry. Six foot four and 187 pounds, he last year won a place on the collegiate All-America swimming team. His best performance: anchor leg on the UNC medley relay team which set the then NCAA record in a meet with Michigan. Oddly enough, Dick never swam in competition until his freshman year.

At UNC Dick is a history major and so far has breezed by with a 95 average. He has made one C —his lowest mark—in psychology. Says Dick: "You aren't normal unless you get at least a C in psych."

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